

# THE ROSE, THE SHAMROCK, AND THE THISTLE.

FEBRUARY 1863.

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
MIRIAM'S SORROW, BY MRS. MACKENZIE-DANIEL,	289
CHAPTER XXXIII.—A NEW ARRIVAL AT SCHWARTZEN.	
" XXXIV.—THE LODGER AT DOVER.	
" XXXV.—THE PROMISE I WOULD NOT MAKE.	
" XXXVI.—SOUR GRAPES.	
A FRAGMENT, BY M. I. H.,	308
THE LONE ROCK AT TORBAY, BY M. I. H.,	309
"GOING TO BE MARRIED," BY GEORGE JEWEL,	310
HAIR-BREADTH ESCAPES,	317
OUR "SIX-HUNDRED-THOUSAND"—PART THE FOURTH—EMIGRATION OF FEMALES. MISS RYE'S "MIDDLE-CLASS" SCHEME: A "CURE" OR A PALLIATIVE? BY E. S. C.,	321
WALLER THE POET AND HIS TOMB, BY P. B. . . . .	334
CLOSE BY THIS RIVER, BY S. H. BRADBURY (QUALLON),	339
WOMAN IN DAILY LIFE, OR SHADOWS ON EVERY HILL-SIDE, BY MRS. HARRIET M. CAREY,	341
CHAPTER VI.—THE BRIDAL.	
" VII.—MORE TALK.	
THE CHRISTMAS ROSE, BY SIR LANCELOT CHARLES LEE BRENTON, BART.,	356
MODERN EMPIRICS, BY JOHN PLUMMER,	357
ROUNDBOUT LETTERS ON STRATFORD-ON-AVON—No. 1, BY J. O. HALLIWELL, F.R.S.,	359
BALSALL TEMPLE, BY J. A. LANGFORD,	364
GOING HOME, BY J. C. TILDESLEY,	370
THE LADY'S LITERARY CIRCULAR—A REVIEW OF BOOKS CHIEFLY WRITTEN BY WOMEN,	371
OUR ORCHESTRA STALL,	378
CURRENT HISTORY OF LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC EVENTS—DECEMBER,	381



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# "THE ROSE, THE SHAMROCK, AND THE THISTLE" MAGAZINE.

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## CONTENTS OF FIRST VOLUME—MAY TO OCTOBER 1862.

### CONTENTS OF MAY NUMBER.

A Word to the Three Kingdoms.  
A Random Note on the Good Old Times, by J. O. Halliwell, F.R.S.  
Spring Flowers.  
The Iron Age, by Juvena.  
Songs, by A. Fonblanque, the Younger.  
Willie Johnson's Mother; a Ghost Story, by Miss Sheridan Carey.  
A Woman's Thoughts on a Woman's Life.  
Sketch of Fashions in France, by Lord William Lennox.  
Fine Arts.  
Clairvoyance Assuming to Supersede Revelation and Science, by E. H. Dering.  
Inedited Memoir of James Montgomery of Sheffield.  
Photographic Scraps—No. 1, by G. D.  
Their Late Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Kent and the Prince Consort.  
A Tributary Memorial, March the Sixteenth, 1861, by Miss Sheridan Carey.  
The Three Garlands, December the Twenty-third, 1861, by Miss Sheridan Carey.  
The Queen Laying the Foundation Stone of the Mausoleum at Frognore.  
Perpetua, by H. Kains Jackson.  
Current History of Literary and Scientific Events—January 1st to February 12th, 1862.

### CONTENTS OF JUNE NUMBER.

Miriam's Sorrow, by Mrs. Mackenzie-Daniel—Chap. I.—The Lady.  
" II.—John Livingston.  
" III.—Wildwood and its Inmates.  
" IV.—Miriam.  
Doancesses, by John Baker Hopkins.  
Stanzas on the Cemetery at Earl's Court, Old Brompton, by Lord William Lennox.  
Angular Stories—Story of a German Professor, by H. Kains Jackson.  
Hainaker House: a True Story, by S. M. Johnston.  
The Rose, by H. Kains Jackson.  
The Thistle, by H. G. Adams.  
How we went to a French Pic-nic, by Mrs. M. Daniel.  
The Female Population of the English Agricultural Districts, by John Plummer.  
On Edinburgh.  
Photographic Scraps—Mason's Portrait—No. 2.  
The Lover's Manual of Devotion, by H. K. Jackson.  
The Aborigines of Literature: a Paper on Novelists' Heroes, Heroines, and Villains, by Snak Foster.  
The South Kensington Letter—No 1, by Our London Correspondent.  
The Two Graves, by J. C. Tildesley.  
Current History of Literary and Scientific Events—February 13th to April 30th, 1862.

### CONTENTS OF JULY NUMBER.

Miriam's Sorrow, by Mrs. Mackenzie-Daniel—Chap. V.—John's Present.  
" VI.—Mrs. Howard at Home.  
" VII.—Seeing Life.  
" VIII.—The Invisible Gentleman.  
Modern Criticism, by the Rev. G. E. Maunsell.  
June has been here with all its Flowers, by S. H. Bradbury (Quallou).  
Photographic Scraps—Mason's Portrait—No. 3.  
A Visit to the British Association in 1861.  
Dispersing Clouds, by Mrs. Edward Thomas.  
Some Remarks on Female Education, by J. Plummer.  
The Aborigines of Literature: a Paper on Novelists' Heroes, Heroines, and Villains—Continued.  
The Institution of the Tub, by Cuthbert Bede.  
Our Fairies, by W. C. Bennett.  
Down the Rhone to Avignon, by F. A. M.  
The Lover's Manual of Devotion, by H. Kains Jackson—Continued.  
The South Kensington Letter—No. 2.  
National Association for the Promotion of Social Science—Opening Proceedings.  
Current History of Literary and Scientific Events—May 1862.

### CONTENTS OF AUGUST NUMBER.

Miriam's Sorrow, by Mrs. Mackenzie-Daniel—Chap. IX.—"Very Happy."  
" X.—The Summer Evening's Task.  
" XI.—My Holiday.  
" XII.—At Paris.  
Woman—Her Social Position as it is, and should be, by the Rev. G. E. Maunsell.  
In a School-room, by W. C. Bennett.  
The Aborigines of Literature: a Paper on Novelists' Heroes, Heroines, and Villains—Continued.  
Archæology Run Mad, by J. O. Halliwell, F.R.S.  
The Social Rights of Man, by John Baker Hopkins.  
Autumn Excursions and Excursionists, by the Rev. G. E. Maunsell.  
The Lover's Manual of Devotion, by H. Kains Jackson—Continued.  
The Story of "Les Misérables," by Lascelles Wrxall.  
Händel, by the Rev. John Edmund Cox, M.A.  
If I should Leave the Earth ere Thee, by S. H. Bradbury (Quallou).  
A Stroll through Arles and Marseilles, by F. A. M.  
The South Kensington Letter—No. 3.  
The Pastor's Pupil, by Mrs. Edward Thomas.  
The Royal Marriage—July 1862, by F. A. Lewis.  
Current History of Literary and Scientific Events—June 1862.

### CONTENTS OF SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

Miriam's Sorrow, by Mrs. Mackenzie-Daniel—Chap. XIII.—A Country Drive.  
" XIV.—Last Days in Paris.  
" XV.—Influence of Italian Skies.  
" XVI.—Pauline.  
The Shamrock, by Juvena (Miss Sheridan Carey).  
The County Ball, by John Plummer.  
Christmas in Bohemia, by Lascelles Wrxall.  
Saviour, I come to Thee! by Mrs. Schenck.  
The Polite Family, by A. Bashful Contributor.  
The Art of Fencing, or, The "Small Sword."  
What is Love? by the Rev. G. E. Maunsell.  
The Pastor's Pupil, by Mrs. E. Thomas—Continued.  
Compleats of Liberty, by H. Kains Jackson.  
The Natural History of Mamma—Part I., by George Jewel.  
Haunts of Music, by J. C. Tildesley.  
Autumn—Where shall we go? by F. A. M.  
Columbus—From the German of Luise Brachman, A. de Tracey.  
The South Kensington Letter—No. 4.  
The Lover's Manual of Devotion, by H. Kains Jackson—Continued.  
Current History of Literary and Scientific Events—July 1862.

### CONTENTS OF OCTOBER NUMBER.

A Second "Word to the Three Kingdoms."  
Miriam's Sorrow, by Mrs. Mackenzie-Daniel—Chap. XVII.—The "Dear, Dear" Friend.  
" XVIII.—Pauline's Revenge.  
" XIX.—The Romance Ended.  
" XX.—"Listen."  
The Field of Waterloo, by Miss Sheridan Carey.  
From Marseilles to Rome, by F. A. M.  
Spiritualism, by the Rev. G. E. Maunsell.  
Stanzas for Music, by the Rev. G. E. Maunsell.  
Chiefly about the Future, by Joseph Hatton.  
Over the Hills the Sun is Setting, by S. H. Bradbury (Quallou).  
The Postman's Knock, by J. C. Tildesley.  
The Pastor's Pupil, by Mrs. E. Thomas—Continued.  
Leaves from Hessen Land—Marburg on the Lahn, by Mrs. Schenck.  
The Natural History of Mamma—Part II.  
Legend of the White Hawk Lady.  
A Vulgar Neighbourhood, by John Plummer.  
The South Kensington Letter—No. 5.  
The Lover's Manual of Devotion by H. Kains Jackson—Continued.  
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# THE ROSE, THE SHAMROCK,

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## THE THISTLE.

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FEBRUARY 1863.

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MIRIAM'S SORROW.

BY MRS. MACKENZIE-DANIEL.

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### CHAPTER XXXIII.

#### A NEW ARRIVAL AT SCHWARTZEN.

OF course, I rejected at once, and without a shadow of hesitation, that part of Janet's "surprising intelligence" which related to the *object* of Miriam's abrupt flight from Wildwood. It immediately occurred to me that Mrs. Howard's allusion, in her letter to my father, to the brilliant prospects in store for me, was the real cause of her unexplained departure. She believed, poor child (in the warped and excited state of her mind), that Stephen Howard, her own husband, was actually wooing another woman and intending to ignore his former marriage to herself. Perhaps she even thought he had deceived her in calling that a marriage at all, and that she had no just claim to the title of wife. So far I could easily imagine the effect Mrs. Howard's unfortunate letter would naturally produce upon Miriam, but beyond this my penetration was at fault. What could be her immediate purpose in leaving home? Did she contemplate seeking her husband and arresting the shameless deed she believed him to be meditating, or had she wandered forth without an aim or object, her long-tortured mind shattered by this last and cruellest blow?

My own mind felt very far from clear as I tried to reason with

VOL. II.

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something like calmness on all that Janet had told me; on the strange fact of my father's accepting the commonly-received version of Miriam's flight; on John Livingston's disappearance the day after; on Mr. Clyne's utterly selfish view of the whole affair; and, finally, on the probable reception by Mrs. Howard and Stephen of the news I should in a few minutes have to carry to them.

I had been left alone to read my letter, but dinner was even then waiting, and unless I had pleaded illness (which pride and self-respect forbade me to do), I had no excuse for delaying my appearance down-stairs. We should have been but a sorry trio at best, and though what I had to tell would necessarily create much agitation and excitement, it would assuredly not jar against any disposition to mirth or hilarity on the part of those who were going to hear it.

But I suffered the dinner to pass over in silence. Mrs. Howard was looking worn out already, and Stephen's countenance was painfully suggestive of the long day's exhausting emotions his mind had undergone. For the sake of appearances (those remorseless tyrants to which the wisest bow) we kept up some sort of a conversation while we remained at table, but the moment the cloth was withdrawn and the door fast closed upon us, Stephen, who had not quite, it would seem, got over his old habit of watching me, exclaimed abruptly that he knew I had heard tidings of more than ordinary interest, and entreated me to disclose them, were they pleasurable or the reverse.

I should greatly have preferred disclosing them first to him alone, but as Mrs. Howard was present and evinced no intention of leaving us, I had no choice but to speak out at once and tell them all, adding, of course, my own firm persuasion that Janet's explanation of the flight was utterly absurd, and unworthy of a moment's credit.

"I am by no means sure of that," said Mrs. Howard, with, I am afraid, a look almost of triumph. "Such an act would be quite consistent with her previous conduct, and just what I should expect as the result of the life she has lately been leading. Something, however, must at once be done to ascertain the truth of the case. If Claude Milton abandons his daughter, that abandonment would be the surest means of winning my pity for her. Stephen—"

We both turned at the same moment to Stephen who had yet had no opportunity of speaking. He was cruelly pale, and the mild blue eyes had an expression in them it was very painful to see. He too believed his unhappy wife guilty, then. How should I comfort him in this sorrow?



"I will start for England to-night," he said huskily, in reply to his step-mother's appeal; "and mind, whatever may be the truth in the matter we are now considering, I declare *myself* the most of all to blame. If Miriam is found, and found unworthy, be pitiful, be indulgent to her—Emily, *you* will?"

My answer was arrested by Mrs. Howard's rising suddenly and leaving the room.

"Stephen," I said when we were quite alone, "if I believed what you do, I should have no word of consolation to offer—I should consider such an affliction beyond the reach of human sympathy—but I do *not* believe it; I feel a positive conviction that Miriam is innocent of this sin, that she loves you wholly and exclusively, and has been driven by desperation to the act which you all misconstrue. John Livingston may know more of her history than the rest of the family, and having promised me to watch over her while I was away, he may have followed her with such an object; and perhaps by this time all is satisfactorily explained."

"Thank you, Emily—my faithful friend," Stephen said with a cheerless smile, and putting his hand suddenly to his head as if it ached or was growing confused; "it is pleasant to have a comforter like you at hand in times such as these. But may not the very desperation you allude to have driven her to the act she is suspected of? Women do strange things under the influence of jealousy. Mr. Livingston would, at least, be unacquainted with the fact of her having a husband."

"I don't know; but acquainted with it or not, he is the last man in the world likely to do the absurd thing he is accused of doing. I would answer for him so far with my life—do believe me, Stephen. If his absence is in any way connected with Miriam's, he has only gone to save her from some danger he may apprehend for her, or to discover what has really driven her from her home. This is my fault for making him promise to watch over her. John is a good, kind creature, and they ought to understand him better at Wildwood, Poor old John!"

"He has an able advocate in you, Emily," said Stephen, as once more his hand went up to his head, and he seemed to speak with increasing difficulty; "but I have to act now, and not to speculate. Miriam must in any case be found, and you will not utterly forsake her, *under whatever circumstances* I may bring her to you. Promise me this."

"With all my heart. But, Stephen, I don't think you are fit for travelling to-night: you have not been well, you know, for

some time, and if you were taken ill on the road how should we ever hear of it? Do wait at least till day-break, and get some rest first."

A spasm passed over his countenance as I said this, and for a moment I thought my anxiety for his health—a most innocent anxiety it was then—had led me to speak unwisely; but in another instant I was filled with a new alarm, as I saw, or fancied I saw, a deeper pallor, that the very lips shared, settle on his face, and the light, which had since dinner been too bright in the calm blue eyes, suddenly fade out entirely.

"You are very ill," I had begun in a trembling voice, when Mrs. Howard entered the room again as abruptly as she had left it, carrying a folded letter in her hand.

"Here," she said, addressing Stephen, who was sitting out of the immediate range of the lamp-light; "here is a letter for your wife if you find her. It offers her an asylum unconditionally, and a true friend if she is still worthy of one. I sincerely hope— My dear Emily, what is the matter?"

For I had succeeded at last in catching her eye and in making her understand that I was alarmed about something.

"I think Stephen is quite unfit for talking any more about this matter to-night. He should get immediate rest, and (in a lower voice), if possible, medical advice before the morning."

"Are you really ill, Stephen?" And as Mrs. Howard asked this question in a kinder tone than I had heard her employ towards her step-son since his confession, she walked across the room to where he sat—I following.

As we came near him, he seemed trying to speak, and there was a faint motion of the right hand, as if he had another impulse to carry it to his head; but both efforts failed entirely, and before I could reach the bell, which instinct suddenly told me to do, he had fallen heavily forward, to all appearance lifeless, but in reality seized with a fit of some kind.

Poor Mrs. Howard was worse than useless in the first excitement and confusion that prevailed upon the arrival of this new misfortune. She gave half a hundred orders at once, and nearly went into a fit herself because they could not be executed. If it had not been for Porson (whose coolness and presence of mind were most admirable), I don't know how it would have fared with the sick man; for I confess, though I was externally quieter than Mrs. Howard, I was far too frightened and agitated to have given much assistance, even had not my entire ignorance of the nature of the seizure disqualified me from offering either advice or service.

Fortunately, Porson was more enlightened as well as calmer than either of us. With the aid of Martin he took a little blood from the patient which instantly restored consciousness, and then got him to bed and despatched another servant to the town for a doctor.

"Do you think it is anything very serious, Porson?" I said with a tolerably successful attempt at composure, as I met him coming from Stephen's room.

"I hope not, Miss Emily," he replied, without looking at me, "I told Mr. Stephen he was worse than he would allow, weeks ago. He's not a gentleman to bear much agitation."

It was a simple remark to make, and by no means offensive from an old servant of the family, like Porson, who I knew was well acquainted with all the principal events in the life of his young master; and yet the words grated upon my ear, seeming to give a clearer meaning to some vague and painful impressions that within the last few hours had been insinuating themselves into my mind.

Just at present, indeed, I had not much time to analyze or dwell upon them. While Mrs Howard was taking me with her from room to room and from window to window in her extreme restlessness and anxiety for the doctor's arrival, there came a sudden peal at the outer bell, and then a bustle in the hall, with sounds of hurrying feet and eager voices. Before we could even exchange a conjecture on the subject, Porson threw open the drawing-room door, announcing—"The doctor from Schwartzen, and—Mr. Livingston!"

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## CHAPTER XXXIV.

### THE LODGER AT DOVER.

They had met in the wood, one on horseback, the other in a hired carriage, and come on together to the house; that part of the matter was easily explained: but what could have brought John Livingston here at all? had he fallen from the clouds? had he travelled straight from Wildwood like an ordinary mortal? was he the bearer of evil tidings concerning Miriam, or had he come all this long way in quest of the poor wanderer?

It may be suggested that I might have asked him either or all of these questions on his first entrance, and thus have satisfied at once my doubts on the subject; but indeed I was quite unable to do anything of the kind, for scarcely had I returned the warm and

agitated grasp of his hand, striving to *look* the welcome I was far too bewildered to *peak*, ere Mrs. Howard (who had been giving the German doctor a rapid account of Stephen's seizure) called me to accompany her to the patient's room, declaring that she was too nervous herself to receive the medical man's instructions, and that she would trust no one but me to do so.

"Mr. Livingston and his business can wait," she said, in reply to a suggestion of mine connected with John's presence. "I can attend to nothing and no one till I have heard the doctor's opinion. Poor Stephen has been a faithful friend to me, and I was harsh and unjust to him this afternoon."

So I did not venture upon another word, but followed obediently to the sick room where I had the satisfaction of hearing, that though the illness which had attacked the patient might be both serious and tedious, there was nothing necessarily alarming in its present symptoms. A great deal of care and skilful nursing would certainly be required, but Mr. Howard's youth and apparent natural strength gave every hope of his ultimate recovery; the ladies—his mother and sister no doubt?—must not make themselves the least uneasy, but do all in their power to calm the mind and keep up the spirits of their sick relative. It would be desirable for somebody to watch beside him to-night, lest there should be a return of the fit, but if he took the medicine that should be immediately sent, such a catastrophe would be exceedingly unlikely, etc. etc.

"Now then," exclaimed Mrs. Howard (who had startled the philosophical doctor by her excitement during his visit), as we shut the hall door upon him—"now then, my dear Emily, we will give full attention to your friend; and if he brings us good news of that troublesome little wife of Stephen's, I promise you he shall not complain of his welcome, though it has been somewhat inhospitably delayed."

But alas! the news that John brought was anything but good news, and had the cordiality of his welcome been measured by this he would have been ill repaid for his long and weary journey.

He had, as I conjectured, left home in search of Miriam, fully believing that she was not in her right mind when she went away. Something of her history she had confided to him weeks ago—not her marriage—but this he had subsequently guessed, and having, at her earnest entreaty given her a solemn promise of secrecy as to what she had voluntarily told him, he did not feel justified in mentioning to my father his intention of following the poor girl, lest it should lead to questions and surmises that he should not at present dare to answer. He wrote, however, to Mr. Verney twelve

hours after leaving Wildwood, stating his firm conviction that Miriam was insane, and giving, as his reason for going after her, the engagement he was under to me to watch over her in my absence. It had never once occurred to the simple, honest mind of this good old John that his flight, immediately following Miriam's, could be construed into anything so absurd and irrational as an elopement. It was from me that he first heard what was said and thought at Wildwood, and for the very first time since I had known him I saw John's lip curl in absolute disdain at such an imputation being cast upon him. But matter of much more interest than the gossip of the uninitiated claimed our deepest attention at present.

Believing Miriam's sudden flight to have been suggested by the letter which alluded to the probability of a marriage between Stephen and myself, John at once concluded that, if her mind was clear enough to form any plan at all, she would endeavour to reach Schwartz. With this clue he had easily traced her as far as Dover, where, finding that no person at all answering to the description he gave of her had sailed in any of the vessels leaving that port the day before, he had immediately instituted a diligent search through the town, and in a few hours been fortunate enough to discover her in a very humble lodging, too entirely prostrate in body to retain much excitement of mind, and creating, on his first interview with her, an apprehension that she was fast sinking.

The woman of the house explained that the young lady had arrived late the previous night, quite alone, looking alarmingly ill, and asking with considerable nervousness if she could have a lodging for a day or two. After some natural hesitation and dread of being "taken in," the woman professed herself to have been moved by pity at the young lady's evident suffering and want of rest; and to have agreed to give her a couple of rooms on condition of being paid in advance, a proposal which Miriam thankfully acceded to. With the caution of an experienced lodging-house keeper, the woman, however, went at once to the nearest police-station and "deposed" to the mysterious inmate she had received, so that in the event of inquiries being made there would be no difficulty in discovering the suspected runaway. This duty accomplished, she did her utmost to make the "poor, dear young creature" comfortable; but finding the next day that her lodger was getting worse and worse, she was just going to send for a doctor and to have an advertisement inserted in the *Times*, when John, aided by the police, opportunely arrived, and relieved her, of all responsibility at least, in the matter.

As for Miriam, she received John very quietly and composedly,



thanked him for the interest he took in her, told him she knew she was dying when she asked for the asylum he found her in, that she was very glad to die, and if he could give her anything to support her for a little while, she would instruct him as to what she wanted done after her death. Of course John lost no time in sending for a strong restorative, and having taken this and a little light food, she felt sufficiently revived to enter upon her explanations. The whole story was told then, and her late anguish of mind, under the influence of jealousy, briefly touched upon. Since she had left home, excited to this act by a momentary belief that her husband was really intending to marry another, and heart-sick with the constant effort to hide her cruel sufferings, she had seen everything under a different aspect; she had become convinced that Stephen was less to blame for the blight that had fallen on her life than her own mad jealousy, which almost from the moment of her marriage had created a fire in her heart strong and fierce enough to burn up every pure and womanly feeling. But the approach of death had cleared her mental vision; she saw that she had been wrong and wilful and hard throughout, and if she might only be spared to obtain her husband's forgiveness, she should go down calmly and even thankfully to the grave opening to receive her. Not yet twenty! and utterly, utterly weary of life, from the violence of one imperious, unresisted passion!

When John, at the end of about a couple of hours' careful watching of his patient, told her that with ordinary care and the exertion of a little earnest will on her own part she might yet recover, Miriam's white face had flushed deeply for a moment, but in no other way had she betrayed emotion either pleasurable or the reverse at this intelligence. Later, he asked her whether she would like to have my mother or Janet sent for to nurse her, but she said "no" so decidedly and abruptly, that he abandoned all idea of forcing them upon her. She entreated him not even to let them know where she was at present, adding her firm intention of never seeing any of them again unless she could take her right name and appear under her husband's protection. John then inquired whether she wished to have Mr. Howard summoned, and again the red flush came to her cheek and a renewed agitation to her whole manner. If she had been dying as, until John came, she really fancied, Miriam said she would have implored her husband to come to her; but if she was to get well, then, after all that had occurred and the serious cause of displeasure she had given him, it was her opinion that the proposal for their re-union ought to come from him. If John thought there was a possibility

of managing it, she should like above all things to have her cousin Emily with her; and upon this hint John had immediately pursued his journey, leaving ample directions with the woman of the house as to the treatment of her sick inmate, and promising to be back in less than ten days with a female relative of the young lady's who would undertake the care of her while she remained in her present quarters.

Such was the substance of John's narrative, told rapidly to Mrs. Howard and myself, on our joining him after the doctor's departure. When we had spoken together a little about it, and he thought our minds were prepared for hearing more, he acknowledged to having received a telegram at Paris from Miriam's landlady (whom he had desired in the event of any unfavourable change taking place to communicate with him there) telling him that her lodger was worse, and that she had been obliged to call in a physician who thought badly of the case.

"I should have returned at once," continued John, "if I had for a moment believed there was any immediate danger, but although I cannot deny that the result may be fatal—so very much depending on the poor girl's own will in the matter—still I am sure there is enough vitality and tenacity to life in her physical constitution, to make the sinking process, even if she *must* sink, a very slow one. I decided therefore that it would be better to come on, and if possible take Emily back with me, as under any circumstances the presence of a relative and a woman would be invaluable to her."

"I shall be ready as early as you please, to-morrow," I replied, scarcely thinking a reference to Mrs. Howard necessary in so great an emergency—"you do think she will recover, don't you, John?"

"I did think so when I left her, Emily—I still hope it; but feelings as strong as Miriam's, especially when repressed as her's were, tell frightfully upon the bodily strength. She entirely misunderstood herself, as well as her duty, when she chose her father instead of her husband. It will be prudent to conceal from Mr. Howard while he remains ill, that his wife is supposed to be in danger."

Mrs. Howard said she would take care of that, and then suddenly remembering that John was a medical man she asked him if he would see and give his opinion about Stephen.

"Do, pray do," I exclaimed, considering only at that moment that John's opinion would weigh far more in my estimation than the German doctor's—"it will make us so much easier if you think well of him."

To my astonishment and mystification (for indeed I had pretty nearly lost my wits to-night), John's face flushed up hotly at our joint request and he replied in a tone both cold and decided :

"Excuse me—we esteem it a point of honour in our profession not to interfere with each other's patients. Were a consultation necessary, and did Mr. Howard's present doctor or yourselves wish to have me with him, I could not decline ; but as it is you must permit me to do so, while sincerely anxious for the gentleman's speedy recovery."

Mrs. Howard bowed, but looked half offended, as indeed I thought, in my ignorance, she had every right to be.

"While Mr. Livingston is partaking of the refreshments I have ordered for him," she presently said, "I will go myself and look after our invalid. You, my dear Emily, will probably like to remain with your old friend, whose sleeping accommodation I will also at once attend to. Be good enough to come yourself to my dressing-room for ten minutes before you finally retire."

She then wished John good-night politely but coldly, and left us together.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

### THE PROMISE I WOULD NOT MAKE.

"Why would you not see Stephen?" I said, when, having duly attended to my companion's creature comforts and insisted upon his taking some supper, I was quietly seated, in the fashion of old times, beside him.

Instead of replying to my question, John suddenly wheeled round his chair, bringing his face tolerably close to mine, and setting himself to the task of examining me much more critically than he had yet done.

"Emily, how long is it since you have been cured of that fever—more than six weeks, is it not?"

"I don't exactly remember, John—about the time you name, I think—but I had it badly, and people don't get up their looks after such an illness for months and months, I've been told."

"Have you?" (very drily) "but your informant was probably rather inexperienced in such matters. Emily, may I assume an old friend's privilege and ask you another question?"

I knew my cheeks were beginning to burn, but I had no choice but to reply promptly : "Certainly you may, John—what is it?"

"How long have you known that Mr. Howard was the husband of your cousin Miriam?"

I hesitated for a second or two, uncertain whether to resent this blunt inquiry, or to accept it as it was really meant—in all friendly interest. My sincere esteem for John made me decide upon the latter.

"I only knew it yesterday—but it was not Stephen's fault; we had not met for more than two months—Mrs. Howard illness, and then my own, hindered him from telling me when he wished to do so. You are not to begin by suspecting or mistrusting Miriam's husband, John."

I thought I had chosen my words skilfully, and I expected at least a smooth reply. This good old John was the very soul of charity, and he would surely be of all persons in the world the easiest to persuade of the uprightness and honesty of another. But it seems I did not quite know him yet.

"Emily," he said with a quiet sternness that was altogether opposed to his usual manner—"I hope to be just towards every one; but as long as I believe that this man, either wilfully or stupidly, has misled you as to his real position, and helped to bring those lines of care into your face—it is no use turning it away from me now, Emmy—I can neither forgive him nor think well of him. Mrs. Howard, eccentric though she may be, must have had *some* grounds for the fancy she was indulging when she wrote to your father."

"John we won't talk of this subject to-night, please. I am tired, and should argue badly if I attempted to argue at all. You *must* learn to like and esteem Stephen Howard because he is Miriam's husband and my cousin; and one of these days we shall all meet and be the greatest friends in the world."

"But Miriam may die."

It came out I think unintentionally, because his face flushed as he spoke and betrayed the thought that accompanied the words. I would not, however, appear to understand more than his simple observation, and I replied promptly:

"Oh, I hope not, John—we must make all haste to reach her, and do everything in our power to keep her alive. You said it depended greatly on her own will? do you not think she wishes to recover?"

"I can scarcely tell. I fancy she has more on her mind than she acknowledged to me. Evidently she is most anxious to see and talk to *you*."

"Poor Miriam!"

"Yes, she has had her share of this world's sorrows pretty early. If she should live, her husband must try to make up to her for the past, for though you will say her sufferings have been of her own creating, still she was a very young, motherless girl when he took her first, and I think he is bound to exercise unlimited indulgence towards her."

"And I am sure that he is prepared to do so, John, though her faults are perhaps more serious than you imagine. It is hardly fair and certainly quite unlike *you* to see no error on one side, and no virtue or forbearance on the other."

"Mr. Howard has so warm and zealous a champion in you, Emily, that he can afford to dispense with *my* approbation. I do not, however, deny Miriam's errors—I only think that persons of calmer temperaments and unexposed to the same temptations, can scarcely be qualified to judge her. And in seeing her as I have seen her, one is certainly apt to forget everything but the intensity of her suffering."

"I have not yet thanked you, John, for so faithfully performing your promise to me. I little thought when I exacted it that Miriam's need of a friend would be so very urgent. Ah, how unwise she was not to confide wholly in me during that week I was at home before leaving England."

I really said this in reference to Miriam alone, and without, for the moment, any thought of the difference it would have made to me personally; but my words evidently revived unpleasant thoughts in John's mind—the sudden flush coming to his face again, and the stern expression to his whole countenance.

He was about to speak, but apparently something in *my* face changed his purpose; for, after subjecting me to a second close examination, he said abruptly, in his own natural, friendly voice:

"Emmy, I wish there was a looking-glass at hand that I might show you how very pale you are. Now you must be a good, obedient little Emmy, like you used to be in the very olden days, and go to bed at once, or you will be quite unable to begin travelling to-morrow. Will you do this, and try to sleep well?"

"Yes—but I have to see Mrs. Howard first. At what hour shall we be required to start in the morning?"

"About ten. Don't let Mrs. Howard keep you talking all night."

"No fear. She is tired herself; and even you, John, in the very olden days you just now alluded to, could not have been more careful over me than she is at present."

John looked painfully grave as I held out my hand in bidding



him good-night, but he added nothing to the ordinary parting words, and upon the whole it was rather a relief to me to hasten from him to Mrs. Howard.

"I am not charmed with your Mr. Livingston, Emily," she said, as I entered her dressing-room softly and closed the door, "and I cannot endure the thought that such a man should come and take my child away from me. If it were not for Stephen's illness, I should go with you to this wilful Miriam, who is leading every body such a mad dance. *You* are not fit to be a nurse with those white, haggard cheeks of yours. I shall send you to bed the moment I have done with you."

"How did you find Stephen?"

"Resting quietly—not sleeping, but apparently unconscious or indifferent to what is passing around him. These sort of fits always stupify for a time, and I am sure his brain has had more painful work lately than it has strength to bear."

"Yes."

"You answer absently, Emily, as if you were thinking of anything rather than Stephen. A few hours ago you were ready to do fierce battle with me because I spoke against him. Has your courteous friend down stairs effected already a change in your opinions?"

"Far from it; but I am very tired, and I *was* a little absent when you were speaking just now. May I go to bed?"

"Poor child! it would be cruel indeed to keep you longer out it. I only want you to make me one solemn promise, Emily, and this you must do before I give my consent to your being taken away from me,"

"What is it? I owe you so very much that there are few things I could conscientiously refuse you, and you would not ask anything very impossible of performance."

"No—this would be very possible. I want you to pledge me your word that in the event of this poor young wife of Stephen's not recovering—don't be shocked at my alluding calmly to the death of a girl I have never even seen—you will come back to us, as my friend, my companion, my dear child—anything you please—only come back. Emily, this is not much to ask.

But whether it was or not, I understood what it implied—Mrs. Howard's face and manner both disclosed it to me—and every feeling of my nature revolted against her proposal.

"Miriam is not going to die," I said, with a quickness that must have betrayed a portion of the indignation I felt: "but even if she should, I cannot come back to you. Ask some other proof

than this of the gratitude I shall always feel for your constant and unmerited kindness to me."

"Don't, in any case, make speeches, Emily," replied Mrs. Howard in a wounded tone, which softened me immediately towards her. "You are a good girl, but after all you have a cold heart, and though I may mourn this on my own account and resolve never again to be deluded into a human attachment, I must be thankful that your own measure of pain will be diminished by the very circumstance that leaves me without a hope or an interest in life again. Now go to bed, my child—I have nothing more to say to you."

As I kissed her wet cheek—she had not this time offered it to me—I whispered :

"If Stephen and his wife leave you by and bye, and you still want me I will gladly come back and devote my life to you."

She thought I was relenting, for her whole aspect suddenly brightened.

"Little Emily—good little Emily ! And in the other case—?"

"Never."

Then, without waiting for further reply or remonstrance, I went, thankful that the long day was over, to my own room, and shut fast the door. I needed solitude.

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## CHAPTER XXXVI.

### SOUR GRAPES.

Had I indeed a cold heart after all ? Mrs Howard had said so, and it might be as well to discover whether she was right or wrong in her assertion.

Because I needed rest just now—rest of body and mind, more than anything else in the world—I chose, with a very stupid though natural perversity, to lie awake and subject myself to the closest and severest examination. After to-night I must for awhile put self altogether away ; so to-night, at least, that precious and important entity should have full and exclusive attention.

Let not my readers, however, for a moment fancy that I am about to inflict the whole of this cheerful mental process upon them—let them give me credit for knowing better. I only want to touch upon one point, and that not entirely personal, with a view of explaining an allusion made in a former chapter to certain impres-

sions wrought upon my mind during the evening of which I have been writing.

Up to the time when I had communicated to Mrs. Howard and her step-son the contents of my sister Janet's letter, Stephen had not descended by a single inch from the lofty pedestal whereon so many months ago I had exultingly placed him. He was still to me, though I had lost him, the one man in the whole universe worthy of all honour, admiration, and esteem. I saw no speck or flaw in the entire structure; and firmly believed that in spite of the bitter sorrows my cousin Miriam had passed through, she was in truth the happiest and most enviable woman in the wide world.

I suppose everybody knows how impossible it is at times to trace up to their exact source certain convictions that have dawned upon them, undoing other previous convictions that they had believed fully and abidingly established in their minds. This difficulty beset me now. I could not determine as to the moment, or as to what had actually occurred at the moment, when Stephen first moved a little—a very little—from the towering height on which he had hitherto been standing. I did not even clearly recognise that he had so moved until Porson's words, "he is not a gentleman to bear much agitation," gave form and colour to the vague impressions that had been slowly insinuating themselves into my mind. Was he to blame, then, for feeling intensely the very suspicion of wrong-doing on the part of his wife? Certainly not. I should utterly have despised him if he had done otherwise. Was it his fault that his physical strength gave way at the time when he most required it? Again, certainly not; no human being has ever been gifted with a will strong enough to resist the mighty arm of disease when once it is uplifted against him. In what manner then had Stephen fallen short of the lofty expectations I had all along formed of him? Frankly, I cannot tell: I do not know myself. I know only that I had somehow received an impression—an impression which did not pass away—that in spite of his extraordinary benevolence, his general amiability, his chivalric tenderness of character, Stephen Howard had not, morally, reached the full stature of a man. There was an indescribable something—it might be but the shadow of a shade—wanting in his composition which marred its perfectness, and left him—in my judgment at least—a man to be warmly liked, approved, and esteemed too for many things, but not worshipped, not looked up to with that boundless faith and confidence a woman should always feel towards the man she is to call her husband. Perhaps all this was only an idea, a fancy on my part, and had no more real

truth in it than was spoken by the philosophical animal who declared the grapes he could not reach too sour to be worth the trouble of jumping after. The human mind no less than the human heart is "deceitful above all things," and I am quite prepared to admit that my own—in its impatient effort to be *free*—may have grasped at a straw and imagined it a bar of iron.

Anyhow the result was the same; and had Stephen Howard been released from his marriage ties that very night—had he besought me with all the old seductive tenderness of voice and manner to become his wife, I think I could have said "no," however strongly the weak and once captive heart had pleaded in his favour.

I say I *think* so; but I have just alluded to the abominable deceitfulness of the human heart and mind; and who knows—certainly neither you nor myself, dear reader—whether in the event of my grapes being placed within my reach, they might not suddenly have grown sweet again!

And now what about the cold heart which I had been so ungraciously accused of possessing? Well, I settled that matter also to my own satisfaction before I went to sleep, but as every one who has followed me so far in my history will be quite capable of forming an opinion of his own on this interesting subject, I shall leave it an open question—only stating my private conviction that those are not always the warmest or the truest hearts that suffer their emotions to be read by every passer by.

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There was no material change in Stephen on the following morning; he had slept a little, and the fever had not much increased, but the stupor which had succeeded his fit remained unabated; and, until the doctor arrived (though John, without seeing the patient, gave his opinion that there was no danger), Mrs. Howard's excitement and distress kept the whole household in a fever.

"It is frightful to think of your leaving me at this juncture," she said, entering my room as I was hastily putting together the few things I intended to take with me; "and at this gloomy Schwartzen of all places in the world—the place, Emily, where, according to poor Stephen, we were all to have been so bright and happy. Ah, what a vain thing is human pre-vision at the best. We build our grand castles till their summits nearly reach the skies, and, lo! a single breath, light as a spring zeyphr, and they topple down into the dust. Don't build any more castles, Emily, or, if you do, be prepared to witness their destruction."

"I won't build any at all," I replied, feeling a whiff of the old

atmosphere as Mrs. Howard, with her gloomy words, hovered about me; "doing and not dreaming is my proper vocation, and I shall make all convenient haste to return to it again. If, under the conditions I mentioned last night, I come back to be your companion, you must let me be as practical and matter-of-fact as I please. Your world of romance is very beguiling, but it is not meant for common, every-day people; we get hurt in it like the moths who fly into a candle and only discover when they are there that it is fire as well as light."

"Emily, do you know you are excessively proud?—the proudest woman, I think, I ever met with."

I half laughed at this odd question, unable, in any way, to connect it with what had preceded it.

"No," I said, "I really was unconscious of being more afflicted than my neighbours in that respect. How have you found it out?"

"You over-do your efforts to hide the hurt you speak of so lightly; and although you know I have a mother's affection for you, and should feel unbounded sympathy with the smallest of your griefs, you would die rather than claim that sympathy in your present suffering. Your face, which is always true, tells me that you *do* suffer, and it will haunt me like an accusing spirit long after you are gone."

"Dear Mrs. Howard, I wish, in leaving you, I could take away with me a little of that ardent, troublesome imagination of your's. If it were not for this, you would believe my simple assertion—that in nursing and taking care of Miriam I shall forget myself and my troubles altogether. It is only people who are condemned to idleness that break their hearts over a personal sorrow. It is a good thing, even for you, that you will have a patient to look after."

"It will not be good unless he gets better; and then when he does, how shall I ever tell him about his wife, and that you are gone perhaps for ever? Oh, Emily, if you only knew how very wretched and helpless I feel in the prospect of losing you!"

Truly, she looked it, and for her sake I would have stayed, whatever it might have cost me, had the necessity for my going been less urgent. I told her this, and I think she believed me at last, for we parted excellent friends, and not without some genuine tears on both sides, though John being present I endeavoured to show as little as possible of the terrible sinking of heart this abrupt separation from the friends I had spent my few bright summer days with really occasioned me.



It was to me an unspeakably melancholy journey, though John did everything in his power, quietly and unobtrusively, to secure my comfort and keep up my often flagging spirits. He was very kind to me, and yet, somehow he did not seem to me like the old John Livingston, the friend to whom I had nearly all my life been accustomed to tell every thought, speak of every passing impression. A shadow had come between that pleasant friendship; and I, missing its warmth, was not disposed to make allowance for his feeling it as strongly as he did, or at any rate for his showing me that he so felt it. Hitherto I had thought of John simply as "that good old John," or "that kind old John," phrases that generally convey the idea of an excellent, easy, honest-hearted individual without any large amount of character or intensity of feeling. Not that I had really doubted John's having plenty of steady principle and an abundance of common-sense, as it is called; but I had certainly not given him credit for what I now discovered in him—a power of repressing all personal emotion, and a lofty self-respect which would not permit him for one brief moment to remind the Emily Verney of the present of the feelings he had entertained for the Emily Verney of the past. *Then*, if I did not return his love, he knew my heart to be free. *Now*, he believed I had given that heart to another; and was willing, I think, to show me that the mighty barrier that had suddenly arisen between Stephen and myself was scarcely less impassable than the one which would henceforth exist between my old friend and me.

Well, it was far better so, and I really respected John infinitely more than I should have done had it been otherwise; but there are certain moods of the mind when the smallest additional loss of which we become conscious (albeit the thing lost was never valued while in possession) afflicts us with a keener sense of wrong and desertion than at another time we should believe it possible to associate with the same cause. I had a great void in my heart—free though it might be—and when it ached the sorest I was tempted to quarrel with everybody, and to feel myself the most injured and ill-treated person in the world.

We were nearly four days on our journey (Mrs. Howard had kindly insisted on sending Martin as my female attendant), though travelling as rapidly as the continental means of locomotion at that period allowed. About twelve o'clock on the fifth morning we landed at Dover, John evidently thankful to be in England again, and hopeful concerning the state in which we should find Miriam—I, tired to death, depressed in spirits, and believing myself prepared

for anything, however terrible, that might have occurred in his absence.

It was a cold, bleak morning, and the streets as we walked through them (I had chosen to walk rather than to enter a close conveyance, after my three hours tossing on a rough sea) were all wet and muddy from a night's hard rain. Everybody we met looked to me either savagely ill-tempered or gloomily dull, as if they too had found out that the world was not such a lively place as they had once been taught to believe.

"John," I said, "this Dover is a frightful town; I don't feel able to breathe in it. Miriam can never be expected to get well in such narrow, gloomy streets. She ought to have a lodging close to the sea."

"Here we are," was John's answer in a tone that instantly struck me as being somewhat changed from the cheerful, encouraging voice in which all the morning he had been addressing me. "You will be glad to rest at last, Emily."

"But what is the matter, John? you have turned quite pale—*which* is the house?"

"That low one with the slate roof and the narrow green door—do you observe nothing?"

My heart began to beat thickly, my knees to tremble, my eyes to fill. We were standing opposite to a house with a muffled knocker, and with the blinds of every window drawn closely down.

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(To be continued.)

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## A FRAGMENT.

BY M. I. H.

THE last day of the year 1862 will long be remembered, by all who happened to be sojourning at the south-west coast of England, as one of most extraordinary beauty.

From early dawn, when the rising sun tracked a golden pathway over the purpling waters, until the hour when, in all the glories of ruby colour and amber, the rays sank behind the soft blue line of the Dartmoor hills, no cloud dimmed the summer-like brilliancy; and even when the bright luminary was lost for ever to the year fast fading away, a line of light was left streaming across the heavens, bright as the pathway of the just.

The night that followed that beautiful day was equally lovely. In the clear, unclouded sky, star after star, those silent witnesses, appeared and spangled the vault of heaven; whilst majestic, but cold, the moon sailed upwards and silvered a sleeping sea and a hushed and beautiful world. It was, indeed, one of those days that "die regretted as they have lived enjoyed!"

Yet there was something, even in the unusual brightness of all around which jarred, as it were, upon the feelings. To those who are half way on the journey of life, or perhaps even farther advanced upon their pilgrimage, the last day of the Old Year is a time for sober musing over the years gone by.

When on the point of passing another landmark, and thus being brought nearer the threshold which separates time from eternity, the soul retires into herself, or wanders away through vistas of memory back to the careless days of childhood and of youth, the seasons of life's "golden prime." Then are dear ones affectionately remembered, who, "weary with the march of life," have gone before us to their rest. We think of the pleasant times we passed together—the happy Christmas meetings, when the links which bound the family chain were all unbroken. We remember those who are in foreign lands. The latter we fervently hope we may see again, the others we *know* we may not meet, until we too have passed into the "Silent Land," from whose bourne no traveller returns. And as we thus ponder, we feel that, however rapidly time may pass, he will never bring them back to us, although, alas! he *may* wrest other treasures from our grasp.

In early youth, "distance lends enchantment to the view;" but as the wide narrows, and we grow older, we feel too truly that years can never bring back what they take away; and so far as this life is concerned, we care not to see the sands run out so quickly from the last glass of Time.

Thoughts like these passed through my mind as I watched the horizontal line across the Channel, just where it is hard to tell where sea ends and sky begins ; that silvery indistinctness which gives a sense of freedom, a foretaste of the time when the soul, released from the flesh and soaring through space, finds, at last, the land "very far off"—where there are no last days, where they no longer reckon by days or hours, and where the worn, over-burdened spirit hath rest, and bathes in tranquil seas of Peace—the warfare over and Eternity begun.

"O strength, O Love, and not the light that steals  
From the pure sunshine of those golden fields,  
Faint rays we catch e'en now upon our way,  
Lighting our footsteps to the land of day."

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### THE LONE ROCK AT TORBAY.

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OH ! lonely, lonely rock—I ween  
Change upon change thy face hath seen !  
The wild waves sweeping o'er thy form,  
As round thee swells the growing storm ;  
While screaming sea-birds pause to rest  
Upon thy scathed and changeless breast.

And then anon it all is bright,  
The moon shines forth with gentle light,  
The soft waves kiss the silver shore,  
The storm seems hushed for evermore,  
And shadowy night, serene and still,  
Falls over ocean, cliff, and hill.

Nothing moves thee, thou lonely rock !  
Thou car'st not for the tempest's shock ;  
Heed'st it as little as the breeze,  
Which gently steals o'er summer seas ;  
Yea, to thy face wave-worn and gray,  
An hundred years are as one day.

Would that I too could be like thee,  
Thou Giant of the sounding sea !  
And watch the wave of life roll past,  
On which my chequer'd lot is cast,  
And ever calm like thee remain,  
Till summer days come round again.

M. I. H.

## "GOING TO BE MARRIED."

BY GEORGE JEWEL.

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THERE certainly must be some hidden attraction in these apparently simple words. Breathe them ever so low or indistinctly in a drawing-room, and up will go every female head, with

"Locks flung back and lips apart,"

and from all sides you will be greeted with, "What did you say, Mr. —?" "Who is it?" "When is it to be?"—and this, too, although you might have announced the most startling political or other news, and never raised one pair of eyes from their drawing or embroidery.

After all, why should it not be so? Going to be married, is, with a girl, approaching near to the great turning-point of her life; and naturally enough, each and every detail has interest for her.

It has been said by some austere ones, that were it not for the white lace dress, the orange flowers, and the dear delights of buying the trousseau, few young ladies would care to be married at all. Sad, indeed, would it be, if this were truth, and bridal paraphernalia went out of fashion. The Lancashire distress would be as nothing compared with the multitude of tongues thrown out of work, and the bed-rooms of young ladies as the deserts of Sahara, instead of the night gathering places where the muslin-clad ones make up the talk balance of the day.

Seriously, few, if any, gentlemen rightly appreciate the benefit arising, not only to their wives and daughters, but obliquely also to themselves, from these simple words, "going to be married;" suffice it therefore to say, in proof of what straits the fair sex *may* be reduced to, that we once came upon a snug party in the gloaming, compelled for want of more congenial topics, to discuss, and we are sorry to add, rather unfavourably, the moral character of the Queen of Sheba.

Happily, such cases of real distress are but rare; the columns of the *Times*, devoted to the laudable purpose of announcing certain interesting events, showing, as yet, no symptoms of any falling off in matrimonial speculations, *malgré* all the complaints of certain Belgravian matrons, published in the aforesaid Thunderer.

By the bye, it never seems to have occurred to these fair writers that one great reason of the dulness of demand, might possibly have arisen from the articles themselves. One clergyman arrayed in bands, surplice, and scarf, is formidable enough; but when the knot becomes, as it appears to have done of late years, so difficult to tie properly as to require two, and sometimes four clerics to knit it, can we wonder that



an ordinary mortal should shrink from facing such a galaxy in one narrow hemisphere?

Nevertheless, all honour to the true and brave, the world seems to run on pretty much in its old course.

Valentine, the good old Saint, does not indeed contribute as much assistance as in days of yore, and his truism respecting the redness of the rose, and the violet's blue, seems to have lost its ancient power of softening obdurate hearts and preparing the way for tenderer confessions; yet to most lads and lasses (pardon us the old English phrase, gentle reader) there comes a time, as in days of old, when Willie looks out rather more keenly for the appearance of one fair face than for any other, and Annie's cheek gets one little shade of brighter colour as she spies a certain black-coated, white-cravated form working its way up to her; and then the long waltz, perhaps two, or even three, and the cruel evasion of other engagements in order to sit out either in snug corners or upon the well carpeted stairs with one single attendant; and lastly, the unreasonable, the unnecessarily long sojourn in the cloak-room at leaving. Willie fidgetting with, settling, and re-settling Annie's *bournoise*, with perhaps just now and then the least possible accidental touch of his knuckle upon her polished shoulder, and the little puss looking so demure and unconscious all the while; or, if she *does* look up for a moment, letting her long eye-lashes instantly droop again until they form a perfect picture upon her flushed cheek. And then mamma, who has really been very patient, breaks in upon them with her much-enduring husband rather cross, and Willie takes Annie to her carriage quite as a well-conducted, *nonchalant* young gentleman should (be it observed, that terrible *somebody is looking* now) but natheless we will not affirm, that just as she springs into the carriage, the respective digits of the two parties may not press each other rather more tightly than is necessary. And then he begins to join her in her Park rides, and to ask her, if she walks in the morning, and where? and drops in to call rather oftener than strict etiquette requires, and *les enfans terrible* of the family look very knowing, and the youngest, a little wretch of three and a half, has an imperfectly articulated legend of something that took place in the back drawing-room, "when" (very loud and shrill) "Mr. Willie was going away." And as the waltzes, and other little arrangements, are continually, *Da Capo*, with variations, Master Willie, to his infinite disgust, gets most awfully chaffed some night or other in the Club smoking-room, and poor Annie about the same time complains of her young lady-friends, that "they are *so* silly, and tease me *so* about *him*;" and then she gets almost cross, and protests with unnecessary vehemence that "there is nothing in it;" and if Willie is not at the evening party as she expects, she says it is very dull, and if Willie fails to join her in her ride or morning walk, she runs up-stairs on her return with her head down, and recruits herself with that exclusively female refreshment, a *good cry*. And after all these infallible signs and tokens of indifference,

some day or other a question is asked, and whatever it is, Miss Annie does not say, No; and in a few days, all the neighbours are duly in possession of the fact, that Annie—is going to be married.

But the business is by no means so near its closing scene as the uninitiated may suppose. There is yet many a meeting of the respective papas looming in the distance, and a good twopenny postman's load of lawyers' letters to intervene: and, oh, what a provoking, odious, self-humiliating process settlements are! How the deaths of those, whose loss we have hitherto scarcely dared to picture to ourselves, are coldly made matter of calculation, and the profit or loss thereupon duly weighed. How the possibility of an appearance at some future day of the loving couple before Sir Cresswell Cresswell receives its due share of notice; and how astonished are we to hear that the parents, who at once consented to entrust their daughter's life-happiness to our hands, are by no means disposed to show a similar confidence as to her fortune. And then the miserably petty meannesses, and the haggling about pin money, and the respective quota of income to be furnished on either side, discussed, battled, and re-battled by solicitor and parent! We suppose it is all necessary. At all events, it is *selon a regle*; but, oh! if you want to know the real (or rather, the world's real) value of money, don't follow the proverb of old Jonathan, and "try to borrow some," but go with just enough cash to make you worth having, at your command, to some money-loving senior, and ask to marry his daughter; and if you are not thoroughly disgusted, aye, and that too, not only with him, but with yourself also at the glimpse you get of human nature unadorned, you are a man, one in a thousand, and one too much less worthy of envy than of pity.

All this time, provided the bargaining does not reach an unusual height of acrimony, and induce one or other of the old gentlemen to suspend their intercourse for a time—in which case Annie mopes and cries, and Willie indulges in strong, not to say unbecoming, language touching the offender—the couple are in the intermediate, or engaged state. Pleasant enough, no doubt, and yet by no means without its little annoyances.

What a bore stupid, kindly-intentioned old ladies are, who get up from their seats next the bride-elect whenever the swain enters, and not content with this, formally require him to assume it, peering afterwards at the two through their spectacles as if they expected them immediately to embrace in cold blood. What sad, naughty words almost pop out when some one pops half into the room where you are standing *tête-à-tête* over the fire, and immediately bangs to the door with often-times the additional enormity of an "I beg your pardon!" thoroughly to make you conscious of their observation! And what a supreme nuisance to be called from the other end of the dinner-table by your good-natured hostess with a significant, "Sit there, Mr. Jones"—Jeames in full grin over your head all the time.

Poor, quaint Beresford, with his two volumes of "The Miseries of Human Life," had he lived in these days, we think modern engagements would have had a chapter or two to themselves! and oh! ye good-natured old dames, and fussy gentlemen, *do* cease to treat the engaged ones like a pair of caged birds occupied in the process of nidification, which must be always shut up together, and not looked at *for fear they should forsake*, and trust the same Power which taught Pyramus and Thisbe of old to bring hands and waists, and lips too, into the necessary proximity without your aid or intervention!

It has been truly said, that woman never shows to more, or man to less, advantage than during the period of courtship. Possibly this may be owing to the greater awkwardness of the male sex; and we must therefore hope that woman's benignity will pardon our partiality in this appeal, for certain it is that young ladies do carry off such petty annoyances far better than young gentlemen, who are seen sometimes even to blush under their infliction, but far oftener to look intensely foolish, and to have been known to mutter between their teeth a bad word, with the uncomplimentary addition after it of "old idiot."

Nevertheless, Annie and Willie are happy enough, in their own way, through it all; although a third person might perhaps think it hardly necessary that they should write notes in the morning, when they are to meet in the afternoon, or that, if separated for a few days, crossed and re-crossed letters should be of daily occurrence.

What *can* they find to write about, which requires such an expenditure of paper?

The old story, good ladies and gentlemen! The story literally without an end, which country nurses tell the little children the pigeons upon the house-top are always saying.

"Curukity coo, Curuk doo,  
You love me, and I love you,"

"might be said in two seconds," growls a testy senior.

True, but it has to be said, and re-said, and to undergo as many changes as the bits of coloured glass in the kaleidoscope; and perhaps too, one, or both, of the parties gush out into verse, in which Annie declares she "could dwell in a desert with thee, my beloved!" having in her poor little head some confused notion of the country in rose and strawberry season, where it is to be always fine weather; and Willie tells of his perfect readiness to live upon bread and water, so long as "thy fair face smiles on me, Annie," and goes to his Club, and grumbles lustily if the joint be badly cooked, or his half pint of sherry corked. And then Annie, it must be confessed, is a little bit of a bully, and *will* get up a quarrel now and then, and ends by being excessively miserable for half a day or so; and then they make it up, and she cries, and says she shall never forgive herself, and in a few days, she goes and does it again, and then there are more tears, and more "Curukity coo," and etc. etc., to wind up with; and about this time the firmest (*i.e.*, the most obstinate) of the

two Old Shylocks obtains his pound of flesh, and the settlements are to be as he pleases, and the fearful responsibility of buying the trousseau has to be undertaken.

Young ladies never appear to our unsophisticated eyes to be in any lack of clothing, upper or under—they seem to have always innumerable dresses, and divers hats, bonnets, and the like. We never, for our part, saw a hole in their stockings, or the bottom part of those elaborately scalloped and worked petticoats and other garments worn or ragged—they all look new, and *piquante*, and charming—and yet, once let the fiat, "going to be married," be pronounced and, from their multifarious wants, it would appear that they have absolutely got nothing.

We can't understand it, and if we ever *do* venture to ask for an explanation we are told not to talk nonsense. "*Of course* she must have everything new."

One of the old essayists in the days of our great grandmothers, who appear to have suffered from the same morbid curiosity as ourselves, ventures to suggest, that as there must be a trousseau (we forget what precise word he uses for this total renovation), the young lady should, as a proof of her capabilities, prepare with her own hands a trousseau, not indeed for herself, but for a third party who may be reasonably expected to appear ere long; yea, even to the very pincushion with "Welcome, little stranger," upon it. What effect such a law, by inexorable fashion established, would have upon projected marriages now-a-days is not easily conceived. We doubt if even the fondness for babies so vehemently displayed in public would reconcile our demoiselles to the stitching of all those queer little linen fabrics, or to the continual awkwardness of cramming them away pell mell under sofas and cushions whensoever a certain footstep sounded on the stair.

Happily for themselves, our couple have no such trial to contend with, and so the purchases of all sorts are daily continued; not, it must be observed, without many murmurs on the part of Master Willie, who is continually repelled from the very shop doors to which he has escorted his party, with the unfeeling sentence: "You must go away now, we can't have you here."

But he buys the three guard rings, ruby, emerald, and diamond half hoop, *selon a regle*, and idles about jewellers' and nick-nack shops, and manages to get through a good deal of cash after his own fashion; and then the presents begin to come in, always affording a little pleasant excitement in the unpacking, to say nothing of the horror at the arrival of three silver tea-pots in rapid succession, or such a number of spoons as to be quite a personal reflection upon their present state.

There is something hearty and English in the custom of giving presents at such a time—but *then*, they ought to be given from kindly feeling, and not because *it is* the custom.

"Annie — is going to be married: I suppose we *must* give her something;" and then ensues the discussion about how little need be spent,

and a trumpery, useless offering is the result. Not that we would disparage the smallest gift of *true* friendship, but if you do not feel *that*, pray spare yourselves the anguish of giving, and the poor bride the mortification of receiving. Besides, every one who has kept house for a few years knows how fearfully rubbish accumulates, and it is cruel, to say nothing more of it, to burden the young with dreadful little pot chimney ornaments, and great, cheap, gilded books of bad illustrations, which, in truth, serve no one's end save that of the donor, viz., to see the trousseau and the presents, and to make pretty insincere speeches, and then to go away and have the pleasure of saying that the jewels are all poor and common, and the dresses trumpery, "and, in fact, my dears, you never did see such a shabby set out in all your lives." But at last all the letters of congratulation have been received and answered (horrid bores they are, and sad fibs they often contain), and the bride's election of bridesmaids has been duly discussed, and commented upon, and the usual amount of affront taken at her omissions; and their costumes, with befitting regard to their inferiority to that of the bride, have been decided upon; and the bride has been with Willie to choose a souvenir of the day for him to give them, and has exercised a due restraint upon his extravagance, and the eventful day dawns at last. And when the company muster before the ceremony, nobody seems exactly comfortable, and the men especially have a horrid consciousness of new clothes, and there is a terrible bother about arranging who shall go in this carriage, and who in that; and when they all get up to the altar rails, there is more trouble about where the couple are to stand, and the bride's bottle (we beg her pardon) pocket handkerchief holder pulls out a serviceable article to supersede at the proper moment the square of lace upon which no mortal nose could by any possibility be blown, and simultaneously with the bride the bridesmaids all cry, and, whatever may have been written about the loveliness of weeping beauty, do not improve their good looks by so doing; and the bridegroom's best man, who has been rather smitten, begins seriously to doubt if he could go through all this as first fiddle, and then there are a few semi-legible signatures blotted down, and it is all over.

As for the repast—by courtesy named, breakfast—the table, with its glass, jellies, and cold fowls, looks like a dissipated ball supper which has ventured, in a "we won't go home till morning" humour, into broad daylight; and, of course, there are the usual attempts at spasmodic gaiety, and the average amount of speeches more or less fluent—the stalest and the most flowery, if only complimentary enough, being the most loudly cheered; and lastly, some unfortunate is called up to return thanks for the bridesmaids, and they hope he will be great fun, but he is not, and haggles and boggles, and at last, wishing to be very complimentary, hammers out that he is deputed to declare their perfect readiness to fill the post of principal instead of subordinate at the very first eligible opportunity; and then the bride goes off to change into her travelling costume, and the two start, leaving behind them, lucky pair, the whole

house full of listless company ; and nobody knows what exactly to do, and everybody's gloves are sticky with champagne, and the young gentlemen look at the bridesmaids as if they should like to put in practice even now the old custom, albeit the lady mother, a person of the greatest propriety, set her face absolutely against it on their return from church ; and a secret, but very general feeling is rife among the young ladies, that they are rather muffs for not having adventured it at all hazards ; and at last, one of them, a pretty, soft-eyed girl, sits down to the piano and indulges them with the following ditty :

When age shall change those tresses fair  
 To threads of silvery grey,  
 And Time's sure finger from that face  
 Blot every charm away,  
 Think not that I shall prize thee less—  
 No change mine eyes shall see,  
 As now thou art, such until death  
 Shalt thou be unto me.

Then be our lot two faithful hearts,  
 Two kindred spirits' flow,  
 One home, one name, one will alone,  
 One trust in weal or woe.  
 So flickering like two sister lamps  
 Our lives shall wax and wane,  
 And Love, who joins us now in joy,  
 Unite us in our pain.

And at the conclusion she spins round to flirt again with her next neighbour ; but we, the old folk, turn rather sadly away, and remembering (as who does not at times) days long gone by, think kindly of the young couple, and bid them heartily, God speed.

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## HAIR-BREADTH ESCAPES.

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SOME hair-breadth escapes from imminent danger, by ingenuity and presence of mind, have been recorded, and are well worth it. The following the writer can only so far vouch for, that he heard them on authority which he sees no reason to question.

### THE LAMMERGEYER.

A Swiss sportsman had climbed with great difficulty to the aerie of a Lammergeyer, the largest and most formidable of European birds of prey, measuring seven feet or upwards in the spread of the wings. It is peculiarly destructive to lambs, as its name denotes. While he was destroying the young ones, one of the old birds returned, and perching on his back began tearing him with its beak and talons. He could not turn round, as he was standing on a narrow ledge just over a precipice; but in the midst of his torture he placed the butt of his gun on the ledge, and pointing the muzzle, as well as he could guess, at the bird, he contrived to cock the gun and pull the trigger with his toe, and thus fortunately shot the bird dead. In this way he escaped, though not without severe laceration.

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### THE IMPRISONED WOLVES.

It is well-known that in severe weather wolves assemble in large packs, and are then peculiarly daring. A Swedish peasant found himself pursued by a pack of twenty or thirty. He ran for his life to a cow-shed, and had just time to enter it, but not to close the door; but he climbed up one of the side-posts out of reach of the wolves which rushed in after him. Presently he observed, that by climbing along a beam, he could reach the door so as to close and fasten it. He did so, and then working a hole in the thatch, he crept out upon the roof and let himself down on the outside. Then fetching a companion, with guns and a ladder, they ascended to the roof, crept in through the thatch, and, perched among the rafters, shot the wolves at their leisure. They got a rich prize in the skins, and in the reward paid by the Commune for every wolf destroyed.

## THE HOTTENTOT AND THE LION.

A Hottentot going to his kraal one evening, observed a lion skulking among the bushes and following his traces. He had no arms, only a staff, not having supposed there were lions in that part of the country. He knew that the lion would spring upon him as soon as it should become dusk, and he was too far from his home to reach it before night-fall. But having some time to make preparations, he looked out for a rising-ground, such as are very common in the Cape Colony, with a gentle slope on one side and a precipice on the other. He went to the edge of the precipice, and setting up his staff there, hung upon it his cloak and cap, and got behind it. He then let himself down over the edge of the precipice, holding on by his hands. The lion crept up, and springing at the cloak, fell over the precipice and was killed—at which doubtless he gave a cluck of triumph.

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## OLD TURNIP LANTERN.

Two merchant ships were sailing in the channel during the war with France, when they were chased by a French Privateer. They parted company, that, at least, one might escape. The Privateer chased one of them, and the other soon after arrived safe in port, bringing the sad intelligence that poor Captain So and So had doubtless been captured, as the Privateer was gaining upon him; but the next day, to everyboy's astonishment, he brought his ship safe into port. "Why, how did you contrive to escape?" "Oh," said he, "I took the fellow in with a turnip lantern;" alluding to the trick of mischievous school-boys, who place a lighted candle in a scooped-out turnip. It appears that when making all sail away from the Privateer, as evening approached, he hung a light in his stern, and when it became dark he put the lantern into a boat which he towed astern for some time, and then cast it off, and altered his course. The Privateer continued to make for the light and thus missed his prey. He ever after went by the name of *Old Turnip-Lantern*.

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## A FEMALE DAVID.

A poor woman going over a solitary moor in Scotland, with a bundle containing nearly all her worldly goods, was assailed by a ruffian armed with a knife, who, with horrid threats and imprecations, robbed her of her bundle in spite of her entreaties for pity. She went on her way sorrowful; but had not gone many yards when the man, repenting of his clemency, ran after her, swearing she should not live to give evidence against him. In a fit of desperation she snatched up a large stone which lay at her feet, and hurled it at him with all her force. It struck him on the forehead, felled and stunned him. She snatched up her bundle and ran off with all speed.

## THE PIRATES.

The Captain of a Merchantman in the West-Indian seas found himself becalmed in the neighbourhood of a suspicious looking ship, which he conjectured to be a pirate, knowing there were some in those parts. The stranger hailed him through a speaking-trumpet, inquiring what ship? describing his own as a King's ship, and ordering the Captain of the Merchantman to come on board. This the Captain refused to do. Whereupon the Pirate, for such it was, lowered a boat full of men well armed, and rowed towards him. The Captain told his crew, and his passengers of whom he had several, to arm themselves and prepare for a desperate fight: "for," said he, "it is better, at any rate, to die with arms in our hands, like brave men, than to be butchered like sheep by those wretches, who never give quarter." Presently, on looking in the opposite direction, he saw at a distance what sailors call a cats-paw—a ripple caused by a rising breeze. Instantly there occurred to him a possible mode of escape. He ordered his men to go aloft, and as speedily as possible to spread every inch of canvas; and he soon had the happiness of hearing the water ripple under the bow. He made all sail for the Pirate ship. The few pirates that were left on board began also to spread their sail; but they were few in number, and had not begun in time. Those in the boat pulled with all their might, trying vainly to overtake him. He reached the Pirate ship, and his men boarded it, and soon overpowered those who were left there of the Pirate-crew, and got possession of the ship. Finding on board of it a gun heavily loaded, they pointed this at the boat. One crash and all was over. The boat was shattered to pieces and the crew sent to the bottom. Thus the Captain not only escaped, but obtained a valuable prize.

## A STRANGE KIND OF FLOAT.

A sportsman in America went out by himself, in a canoe to shoot wild-fowl on an extensive lagoon. After some time he landed on a small islet to take some rest, mooring his canoe to the shore, but, as it afterwards appeared, insecurely. For while he was lounging on the island, a breeze sprung up which loosened the canoe, and to his dismay he saw it drifting away at a distance. He seemed doomed to perish miserably in this islet, as the shore was too distant to be reached by swimming, and in a thinly peopled country no one was likely to come to his assistance. At last a happy thought occurred to him; he shot an alligator that was basking on the island; and having cut it open, and taken out the intestine, he emptied this, and blew it up with air. And winding round him this strange kind of float, he took to the water, and luckily escaping the alligators, reached the shore in safety.

## THE INDIAN AND THE BABY.

An American Indian having been taken prisoner by a hostile tribe was sentenced, according to their custom, to be roasted alive. The fire was kindled and he stood by it surrounded by his enemies, when observing a woman with a baby in her arms, he rushed forward and suddenly snatching it from her, tossed it into the fire. The sight of this, and the shrieks of the mother and of the baby, caused them all with one impulse to rush forward to rescue the infant from the fire. Taking advantage of this opportunity, he started forward at full speed, and had gained twenty or thirty yards before any one had started in pursuit. They chased him a long way, but being a good runner he never lost the start he had had at the beginning, and finally escaped. The Indian probably would not have scrupled, under any circumstances, to burn an enemy's baby; but much less when the alternative was death by torture.

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## THE HIGH CHIMNEY.

There was erected, in one of our manufacturing towns, one of those enormously high chimneys which are now so common. When it was finished, and the scaffolding taken down, it was discovered that by some accident one of the workmen was left behind, having been, perhaps, employed in some work inside the chimney, so as not to hear or see what was going on. He appeared at the top, calling out for help; but the difficulty was, how to afford it. He was far beyond the reach of any ladder; and to re-construct the scaffolding would have taken such a long time, that he would have perished with famine and exposure in the interval. Presently, a happy thought occurred to him. He unravelled the worsted of his stockings, and fastening a piece of brick to the end of the string thus obtained, to make it hang straight, he let it down to his friends, who fastened to it a long piece of twine, and at the end of that a rope, which he was thus enabled gradually to draw up to him. Fastening this to the chimney he clambered down by it, and reached the ground in safety. The whole operation lasted about two hours.

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## OUR "SIX-HUNDRED-THOUSAND."

## PART THE FOURTH.\*

EMIGRATION OF FEMALES—MISS RYE'S "MIDDLE-CLASS" SCHEME:  
A "CURE" OR A PALLIATIVE?

THE inimitable author of Don Quixote, he who, as Byron tells us,

"Smiled Spain's chivalry away,"

reads us a fine lesson in his hero's adventure with the wind-mill. Coypel's exquisite illustration of the scene is before us, and, gazing at it, an odd query presents itself to our mind.

Like the knight of La Mancha, are we, too, mistaking the object in view? Have we transformed it, giving it a shape and mien, a character and purpose which belong to nothing less than to the unconscious appearance that has, inadvertently, excited our zeal? In place of a huge giant, laying to right and left, monopolizing eleven-twelfths of the means of profitable employment, and devouring with cruel greed not only the dainty cakes and the buttered rolls, but the oaten bannock and the loaf of coarse dry bread that form the staff of life to many thousands of hungry women—in place of the jealous, selfish and insatiable monster, with mocking ogre eyes, sharp teeth for ever grinding, strong jaws for ever champing, long arms for ever see-sawing hither and thither, hard hands for ever griping, grasping, clutching the wherewithal to nourish, fatten and pamper the body,—is there really nothing more furious and formidable than—a *windmill*? Are we too, smitten with gentle lunacy, tilting at a feature ever picturesque in an English agricultural district, on the banks of a Dutch canal, or a panel of Rembrandt's painting?

We wonder if our readers think so—if they yawn or smile over our pages—if, especially the younger, they behold "love in a cottage," strawberries and cream, "woodbines wreathing," and "roses breathing," where our time-tried vision discovers the poor needle-woman's room, the soot-grimed window, and the waning rushlight; starvation in the cupboard; and the dying child on the bed of rags upon the floor.

Is our giant—he whom we long to lay prostrate with a pebble from our sling and to decapitate forthwith—is he a bland, gentlemanly, and time-honoured personage, in defence of whose rights, privileges, and immunities, custom and prejudice clamour most lustily? Is he a Joss, before whom all orthodox believers will now and for ever remain upon their knees, bowing down their heads to the ground? Is he—this grim

\* For the first, second, and third papers of this series, vide "*The Rose, The Shamrock, and The Thistle*," Nov. and Dec. 1862, and January 1863.

ogre—the incarnation of wisdom and justice, against whose reign he or she who dares to raise a finger shall be condemned as heretic and handed over to the secular arm for execution? Is he, handsome, ruddy, bright-eyed, smiling—a great heart and a loving—a *preux* chevalier of the nineteenth century, with a Crimean beard or Dundreary whiskers, never thinking of his hirsute ornaments or of *self*, but ever and aye, from morning till night tilling the ground, ploughing the waves, diving into the bowels of the earth, sailing through the clouds—serving an apprenticeship to art and science—turning to everything upon which the hand or brain of man may be exercised for gain, for food, raiment, house, home, honours, riches and pleasures? of which digging and delving he, our gentle giant, only desireth that the fair and fragile daughter of Eve, his dearly beloved sister, shall reap the precious harvest, he taking for his share the husks and shells—not as some silly malcontents have the absurdity to fancy, handing them to her? Ah, dear giant and most comely ogre, can it be that thou hast been so foully photographed!

Fair and noble readers, it is for you to decide, and if your judgment be not reversed by "our six-hundred-thousand," and quashed by our Two millions, we will either ask pardon of the defendant, and that on bended knees; or take yon famished sempstress, yon pallid governess by the hand, thin and trembling, and bid them and their sisters be of good cheer for the verdict is for the plaintiff: our giant is *not a windmill*.

We have seen that there are more fallacies in flourishing condition than are perhaps quite consistent with the spirit of progress that unquestionably vitalizes our age and country. We have found that, in our time and among all civilized peoples, the daughters of Eve are, under certain circumstances, expected to earn their bread quite as drudgingly as the sons of Adam:—that, despite her presumed "destiny," every woman is not provided with a husband to work for her, shield her from harm, and make her life easy in that earthly paradise, a happy home:—that every wife is not sure that the day shall never dawn when the husband of her heart may break the chain of which he has grown weary;—suffer defeat in the battle of life;—be doomed to a bed of sickness or snatched for ever from her side by death.

One of those honoured and rejoicing wives and mothers who make the glory of our Isle, a charming woman and an accomplished poetess, has recently exclaimed: "Your banker may fail, your house burn, your horses die, your jewels be lost; but your husband, your own dear husband, he is a never-failing source of happiness."\* Would that it were so; would that there were no pining widows, no forsaken wives, no care-wrung nurses to disprove the fond assurance of one who speaks in the full gladness of a destiny over which no cloud has fallen. Alas! we have seen that there are widows innumerable to wear the weeds which

\* "Woman in Daily Life: or Shadows on every Hill-side," by Mrs. Harriet M. Carey. Vide "*The Rose, The Shamrock, and The Thistle*," for January, p. 258.



the looms of Spitalfields and Norwich fabricate: that there are wives counting two millions and upwards who work wearily for the support of husband and children;—that there are spinsters whose number we cannot reckon upon our fingers,—young girls, and orphans, and grey-haired females, for whom in this country, civilized, Christian, proud, and prosperous, there is no bread—not one morsel or crumb—unless it be earned and paid for by the work of their poor hands or their over-wrought brain. And this despite the placid satisfaction of theorists and the thousand-and-one times repeated fallacies of marriage, home, and domestic duties.

It is necessary to bear these facts in view; nay never to lose sight of them; for if, stern and ugly as they are, they cease to be regarded, there is imminent danger that some few of us may be betrayed into acquiescing in the belief of certain bearded enthusiasts that there are husbands for all inquiring damsels, and that these sighing suitors bring with them splendid gifts, good settlements, handsome residences in fashionable squares, elegant villas in the suburbs, or, at least, "lovely" cottages in the country, "verandah-ed," and covered all over with honeysuckles and roses. Ah me, my friends, how much gilding may be rubbed off by the dainty friction of my Lady's finger: what beautiful geometrical designs the broom and duster of the housemaid whisk into hideous ruin, while Arachne scurries into the fretted cornice or drops down upon the carpet to weep over the destruction of her tapestry. The poppy sheds its brilliant petals at the slightest touch; and the plumage of the Red Admiral rests in glittering powder on the tiny thumbs of the disappointed child that grasps the insect. Welaway! how many popular and pleasing fallacies, lovingly regarded and reverently handed down to posterity, may be exploded by a moment's serious inquiry into facts.

*Allons!*

Next in favour to the classical idea that the saffron-robed deity only awaits the signal to light his torch for every created woman, comes the grand scheme of FEMALE EMIGRATION. This is Miss Maria Rye's panacea for the distressed position of young women of the middle class, who fail to find husbands or situations as governesses. "The hordes of wild Irish," as with questionable taste and judgment that lady terms the strong, active, industrious, and true-hearted country-girls who annually go forth from the Emerald Isle to fill the ranks of domestic servants in the United States and the British Colonies, and to do that hard work which their more tenderly reared sisters on this side of the Channel might pout at or faint under;—these honest and attached creatures, for whom, when they passed her way, Mrs. Chisholm, the true friend of the emigrant, had ever a wise and cordial welcome, are, if we understand Miss Rye correctly, a source of evil, highly undesirable, and to be succeeded by "a class very superior;" "there being vacant situations in the Colonies for many hundreds of women vastly superior" to the luckless objects of this English lady's aversion. We are not about to break a lance for "Biddy" and "Mary," and "Kitty" and "Norah," and many a poor

"Mac" and "O," that leaving dear Ireland, with scalding tears and a bursting heart, hang upon the neck of "the old mother," and falling down upon their knees, beg the blessing of their aged parents before they set foot on ship-board, to find a service far away, and with the saved-up earnings of honest industry send money to "the old people" to bring them out or, if they like it better, to make them more comfortable at home. Here we are not going to throw down the gauntlet in defence of the dear loved daughters of the Shamrock: it has been done bravely and loyally by others: and the Editor of the *Toronto Weekly Leader*, without doffing his beaver and "making a leg" to the lady, has marked the fact that Miss Rye is grievously in error when she underrates the value of "the hordes of wild Irish"—the Canadian journalist boldly declaring that, "if there is certain employment in a colony for any class of young women," it is for these humble Irish subjects of Her Majesty. Our business is with the "female emigration" fallacy—a scheme which, thanks to the earnestness of her convictions and the abundant zeal of the lady herself, has had the good fortune to meet with approval from a section of thinkers upon the subject of the surplussage of women in this country, and, what is more, to receive an encouraging amount of colonial support.

The Rev. Charles Kingsley, one of the shining lights of the age, a high-hearted, generous man, with glowing sympathies for his fellow-creatures, holds the theory, and a very ancient and very popular theory it is, that "women were meant to have families," not to learn trades and professions: he remarks that there are too many marriageable females in England, "our six-hundred-thousand" furnishing their quota; and eagerly accepting the plan for disposing of them if possible, he emphatically declares that "*Emigration and emigration alone will heal the disease itself*"—that is the want and peril to which homeless and friendless young women are victims. Episcopal sanction, and the adhesion of one so justly esteemed and so eminently distinguished for science and philanthropy as the Rev. Charles Kingsley, were a "tower of strength" to the benevolent Miss Rye. That she experienced opposition; that the Governments, home and colonial, did not at once embrace her project; that the Emigration Commissioners held off; that Mr. Walcott and under one aspect the Hon. and Rev. Sidney Godolphin Osborne, whose initials lend additional value to the *Times* itself, demurred on the subject—by no means discouraged her. Many of the journals and among them the *Daily Telegraph*, a paper of immense circulation and of great influence with its readers, endorsed her views: divers military men and civilians resident in British Columbia, Natal, Queensland, and other of our Colonies, addressed letters to the lady, in glowing terms eulogizing her plan; deploring the want of suitable young women as governesses; and enthusiastically exhorting her to proceed. These letters found their way into the newspapers; public attention was excited; and a flutter of hope created among the wholly or half educated females, with youth in their favour, who a

burthen on widowed mothers, orphans with a solitary room at so much a week for their shelter, or unpaid, half-fed supernumeraries in some "twenty-pounds" boarding-school, spend their time answering to no purpose the advertisements in the *Times* for "companions," "nursery-governesses," "teachers," nay even "shop-women," and "ladies' maids." For each it might be hard to break the ties that knit her, however loosely, to her native land; harder to receive the last embrace of a broken-hearted mother; hardest of all to meet the last fond look of her unutterable love, to wring her hand for the last *last* time and, choked with a daughter's grief, step over the threshold and close the door that, like the cold and cruel grave-stone, shuts the widowed, and thenceforth the childless, for ever from her view.

But beyond the seas, there were food, fire, raiment, a bed, a pleasant chamber, and no fear of poverty; more than these, the common necessities of life, there were honourable occupation, kind treatment, smiling faces, liberal salaries and—who shall dare to blame them for the thought?—who jeer?—and perhaps homes of their own, good, kind, loving, loyal husbands to whom these gentle creatures, that in England might have pined in want and solitude, would become the sunshine of life.

The prospect was tempting, refreshing: "As the cold of snow in the time of harvest." (Prov. xxv. 13.)

It is no wonder that a genuine sensation was the effect of the new programme: that Miss Rye's project for female middle-class emigration was hailed as a means of certain deliverance from many evils; and that the kind and courageous lady had more petitioners for her protection than, even with her large heartedness, she could possibly embrace. The plan was put into execution: Miss Rye shipped off sundry "very superior young women" of the governess class with, we suspect, a sufficient sprinkling of the wilder flowers whose only recommendations were youth, health, strength, and good character.

Of her protégées the gratified lady, in June 1862, spoke to the world through the orthodox columns of the *Times*, in terms of exultant panegyric.

"I believe," she exclaims, "it was the unanimous opinion of all who saw the girls (were the wild flowers in the majority?) that a finer set of women never, both physically and morally, left these shores." So far well: and we find in the following November the thoroughly-conscientious leader on the point of taking her departure from England in order to visit the Australian colonies, "with the view both of making herself personally acquainted with their requirements and of organizing such arrangements for the reception of female emigrants on their arrival as may be best calculated to ensure the safe and successful working of her scheme." (*Times*, November 3, 1862.)

That dear and noble Mrs. Chisholm preceded her in the path; that she too braved the perils of the deep and set at nought the discomforts of the voyage; that she planned and carried out the details of emigration,

especially with reference to the protection of females both during the passage and on their landing in the colonies ; that the scheme of the Irish Catholic lady was the parent of Miss Maria Rye's, subtracts nothing from the praise due to this generous disciple for her later and zealous labours in a work of charity worthy of Christian women *and exclusively for them*.

On reference to the *Times*' report of the really interesting gathering at No. 3 Waterloo Place, Pall-Mall, "to meet Miss Rye before her departure from England, and to express sympathy with her in her undertaking," we find that she was to sail on the 3d of November from Gravesend, by the John Duncan, for Otago in New Zealand, taking with her "one hundred female emigrants ;" of whom *eight* were governesses, *thirty* mill-girls from the cotton districts, and the remainder—or rather *more than six-tenths of the total*—domestic servants and other working women.

We pause in some surprise, and tremble for the success of the middle-class emigration, and the soundness of the dictum that the expatriation of women, whether educated or ignorant, is the one sole cure for the ills that beset them in consequence of the monopoly in this country of remunerative employment by men.

We beg the reader to remark that the character of the "one hundred," chaperoned to the colony of New Zealand by Miss Maria Rye, was NOT MIDDLE-CLASS ; that the daughters of "the people" were in excess, and that of the genteel young ladies, the governess element, there was but a homœopathic dose, or eight per cent.

This feature in the emigration party of November 3, is not in harmony with Miss Rye's original intention ; nor could the introduction of so large a number of the humbler classes have been determined by anything less imperious than necessity.

Were "governesses" and "very superior young women" at discount in the colonies ?

The fact that the *fine fleur* of the last "batch" of female emigrants was in the proportion of eight to ninety-two of the unbolted meal, would lead us to fear it. *Voyons* : What does the opposition say ?

Writing to the Editor of the *Times*, on the 4th December, Mr. Driscoll Gosset, of Gloucester Crescent, quotes a letter from a Clergyman in British Columbia, from which this valuable information is gathered. "The female emigrants have arrived. The servants were instantly provided with situations." . . . "*The governess class*, for which the Bishop did not apply, *are a difficulty*. All, however, are in homes, *but six or eight*." (And where are they ? in the fold, or out in the wilderness among the wolves ?)

Again : in the *Standard* of December 15th, we find a communication signed "Sebastian, C. L. Fernandes," the author of which states that he has just returned from British Columbia and that his attention has been directed to an article written from Vancouver's Island by the correspondent of the *Daily News*, and "liable to mislead hundreds of people of

both sexes." M. Fernandes proceeds to denounce as "*entirely false and absurd*," the statement that of "the young women who went out to Victoria in hopes of obtaining situations as governesses, servants," etc., "*nearly all*" disposed for service, would in a very few hours be provided with places.

"*Governesses*," that is women in the category of middle-class emigrants, continues M. Fernandes, "*are not required in Victoria*, and very few servants."

A gloomy, if not terrible picture of the position of those who venture out is added: we give it as a wholesome warning, and as a confirmation of our own particular creed.

"They (the female emigrants) were certainly all placed in a building near the Police Barracks, and were supported a short time by money that had been raised by subscription. When that sum was exhausted they were obliged to look out for themselves. Many having no money, or private means of subsistence, and no situations offering, were obliged to adopt the most degrading of lives; others, who had means, were holding out, hoping for something to offer itself in Victoria, or for a chance of returning to their own country. As to the emigrants, what will become of them through the winter none can tell, but it is a well-known fact in Victoria that a dreadful panic is expected. Work is not to be had, and I left hundreds of young people of both sexes, and who had evidently seen better days, absolutely begging in the streets."

Fairness compels us to mention that the accuracy of M. Fernandes' report was, in turn, disputed; but amidst conflicting statements we may obtain a not doubtful guide to the real truth of the situation, when we sum up the evidence and find that the greater number of unimpeachable witnesses hold out little or rather no hope of success for educated young women who, unused or opposed to domestic service, carry out to the Colonies, the habits, tastes, and tone of their happier days, and aspire to the position of governesses or companions with the privileges conceded to them in England.

For "the governess class," "the Bishop of Columbia did not apply." Vide Mr. Driscoll Gosset's letter in the *Times*, Dec. 4.

"Governesses are not required in Victoria:" declares M. Fernandes in the *Standard* of Dec. 15.

"In Canada there is a demand for very few governesses indeed, and those young women who are thus employed receive, we fear, rather a poor compensation beyond 'the comforts of home' and the surroundings of respectability:" so writes the Editor of the *Toronto Weekly Leader*, and the same authority adds, "Genteel young ladies" (middle-class again) "are not required here; they are somewhat indigenous and are sufficiently numerous to fill all the vacant situations that need their services."

The *Morning Advertiser* tells of "a functionary high in position in Victoria," who urges that the "English carpenter" be persuaded to come out, "and to bring with him any friend or relative" graced with a petticoat and *able to do housework*," we suppose as willingly as "the hordes of wild Irish," 50,000 of whom, well fed, well dressed and well treated,

blithe, hearty and happy, form the servant-girl class in the Empire city of New York.

"One hundred good female servants;" "honest, decent women," are coveted in Columbia: so an officer writes to his wife in England; and it is Miss Rye herself who communicates the fact to the *Times*, for the public information no doubt, as certainly it does not bear encouragingly upon her own middle-class views.

"We could not guarantee suitable homes on reaching the colony (Columbia) to women who should depend upon the use of their brains alone for support, nor does it seem desirable to withdraw from their sphere of valuable occupation in this country, those women who have received sufficient education to place them in situations as teachers in families and schools at home:" such is the declaration of the Rev. John Garrett, Hon. Sec. of the Columbian Emigration Society.

"J. K.," "a returned Australian governess," gives in the *Times*, the lamentable fruit of her experience in search of a situation at Melbourne; her letter, from which we borrow the following, is dated April 23:—

"Early in 1858 I emigrated to Melbourne (leaving a situation in a family as governess for the purpose), on the encouragement and advice of a friend in the colony, taking with me the highest testimonials and a letter of introduction to the Bishop's wife. On arrival I could not obtain a situation, though that lady, with others, interested themselves most warmly for me; and having no funds, I consequently had no home, and, after enduring much distress, could only obtain employment as daily needlewoman, the pay of which was inadequate to meet the still expensive rate of board and lodging in the Colony. Suffering much, my health entirely failing from disappointment, etc., some friends kindly made up a subscription, and sent me home to meet the reproaches of those who, knowing scarcely anything, and nothing practically, of the colony, blame me for not having succeeded."

The *Melbourne Herald*, in June, says, somewhat significantly, and we think the while not of the *crème-de-la-crème* nor the *fine fleur*, but somehow of the wild flowers and our dear Irish girls, "If a lady is not afraid of work she will have little difficulty in obtaining employment in a respectable household in some domestic capacity, if she is content to earn a comfortable livelihood in some capacity not exactly menial." "This is the kind of help which ladies in Australia require"—"the something between servant and governess, that is really wanted here."

O Anna Jemima, only think!

Every one who wishes that what he has to write shall be read by the whole world conversant with English asks the *Times* to print it; and in this way "An Australian," writing to the Editor and favouring Miss Rye's useful and benevolent expedient, still qualifies his encouragement in the following words which to the thoughtful ear sound much like an earnest warning to the "governess class" of intending emigrants:

"Proceeding to consider whether well-educated young women are still required in the Colony, I go entirely with you in thinking that any such introduction on an extensive scale, and conducted in any haphazard style, would be productive of the most frightful consequences."



A Lieutenant of the Royal Navy, one of our true hearts-of-oak, writes thus to a friend, dating from "Victoria, Vancouver's Island, November 1, 1862 :"—

"Victoria is at present crowded with broken-down miners—Californians, broken-down Englishmen, and hordes from all parts of the world, and I foresee great distress during the winter. Many a gentleman's son is earning a day's pay by chopping wood, others by driving water-carts, and one clergyman and a barrister toll-keepers on the road. Such are the shifts people are put to in a colony. It is Australia over again at its worst period. All have been attracted from all parts of the world by the gold fever, and ninety-nine out of every hundred are grievously disappointed. *Ladies even fare no better.* A ship arrived here a few weeks since, with sixty-three females, including nineteen ladies—*governesses.* *Most are employed in the most menial work, washing, etc.* One lady told me only yesterday—'In truth, however degrading, we must do something. The colony is too young to require us in our proper capacity, so we must take anything.' Another lady, highly connected in England, and her husband not being able to get work, is reduced to almost starvation. Such is a colonial picture."—*Standard*, January 19.

Finally we come to two most able and temperate articles published in the *Melbourne Argus* on the 17th and 21st of June 1862, and for their importance transferred *in-extenso* to the *Times* of the 29th of August, and headed "GOVERNESSES IN AUSTRALIA." What do we find? on the one hand a full appreciation of the value of educated women in the Colonies: an acknowledgment that they are "not in excess of the demand," and a frank confession that the Colony would benefit by their immigration: on the other—a formidable string of arguments against the middle-class scheme, which ought to command the attention of all and to deter the "very superior" and "educated" women and their friends from the perilous venture of emigration to Australia in search of professional employment. We append a few most important extracts to which we particularly invite attention :—

"It is one thing, however, to approve the immigration of educated women in the abstract, and another to encourage them to come here by the promises and hopes held forth by Miss Maria S. Rye."

"We are afraid Miss Rye is deceiving herself and her friends by the flattering pictures she has set before them of the condition of governesses in this Colony. Any keeper of a 'labour mart' in Melbourne could give her better information on this point than all her lady patronesses in Melbourne or Sydney. A general scheme for the importation of governesses into Victoria is, in fact, as wild a speculation as could enter any human brain. There is no article, perhaps, in the labour market of less general demand than governesses. There is no market, perhaps, where the value of educated women is less appreciated than Melbourne."

"That sort of genteel servitude which poor gentlewomen find so intolerable at home cannot but be greatly aggravated in a young country, where those who have the wealth have rarely the refinement, and those who have refinement have not much wealth. As a rule, governesses are better off, with all their miserable pittance, in England than in Victoria among our newly rich. The equality of the lady's-maid—the patronage of the butler, which are among the hardest trials of the governess at home, have, indeed, no parallel here; but it is very questionable whether the change is in favour of the governess. For an educated woman of high class who comes here to better her prospects we cannot conceive a more hopeless venture, if she is to be a governess all her days. She had better be a good plain

cook or a pretty bar-maid. There is not a housemaid who would not turn up her nose at her in any Melbourne labour-office. The pigeon-holes of our advertisement-office could unfold many a heart-rending tale of sadness and woe to the poor gentlewoman and her disappointed hopes and defeated ambitions. If Miss Rye's object is not so much to provide us with governesses as to remedy that sexual disproportion to which she refers, we are still at a loss to perceive how we are to give any aid of the kind desired to the immigration of educated women."

"If there was a demand for educated women as wives for our educated men, Miss Rye may be sure that she would have heard of it with sufficient distinctness. But we are compelled to say that there is no such demand. Of the 150,000 men without wives in this hemisphere there are very few who would be customers for Miss Rye, unless her educated women are prepared to be less particular than they were wont to be."

"Of governesses, strictly such, there is no proof that the colony has any want. It will probably be found that the market is rather overstocked than otherwise by this particular description of workers; and it is certain that the condition of those who are already employed here is not such as to tempt any larger number of educated women to exchange even a bare subsistence in England for the hazards of a purely professional life in the Colonies. If we are told, as Miss Rye herself seems to suggest, that the educated women on whose behalf she writes are not all governesses—that the stage of governess with them is only probationary to that of wife, and that the real object of her mission is to cure that crying Australian vice—male celibacy, the project does not appear any the more hopeful for our fair immigrants. A difficulty meets us at the threshold as to whether there is any demand for this species of immigration, taking it to mean wives, and not governesses. It is a delicate matter to broach before Miss Rye's friends, but are they prepared to take all the risks of their intrepid venture?"

"To go deeper into the question, we may reasonably doubt whether there is any such opening as Miss Rye suggests for educated women in Victoria."

"If they have no friends to bring them, that is a proof among others, of their not being wanted. If they come without invitation, they must be prepared to encounter all the risks of which we have already spoken. The conditions under which Miss Rye's immigrants would arrive here would in themselves deprive her scheme of any practical value, regarded as a matrimonial speculation."

"A close scrutiny of our population returns would show that the great disparity of the sexes which is so peculiar a feature of Australian social life, is to be found almost exclusively among our gold-field population."

"In the district of Collingwood the census tables inform us that the females are actually in excess of the males."

"There is no general complaint that the supply of wives is unequal to the demand, and there is therefore no reason why we should go out of our way to bring out educated women in any quantity to Victoria."

It is impossible to carefully read the preceding without a deep conviction that the writer has spoken the truth manfully and with the purest intention. That he has not throughout handled his theme with the delicate regards which the subject demanded; that, in the second article particularly, he has indulged in a strain of banter no doubt not bearing the *cachet* of courtly breeding; that he has more than hinted what perhaps it would be disingenuous to deny and blameable to censure, viz., that a husband and a settlement in life are the objects really if secretly desired by the helpless and friendless young creatures who in the mother-country are eating the bread of bitterness;—in short, that the gentleman, a sternly

practical, common-sense man it is clear, talks of the coming ladies as if they were bales of cotton, "goods" imported to be put up to auction and knocked down to the highest bidder: or as "batches," not of free-born Englishwomen but of Congo slaves or fair Circassians sent to market and to be picked out by the Masters with money enough to buy what they fancy;—all this may be—nay is—highly offensive and to the writer himself a grave disparagement: but his facts are not shaken, his arguments not impaired by his coarse jocularly or singular bad taste. Ridicule is a weapon dreaded by more than two-thirds of mankind; and the good that the *Argus* correspondent might not have effected by sober reasoning and very polished parlance, he may have hoped to secure by rousing the pride and alarming the delicacy of those whom he would warn and save. Could he have done this more successfully than by impeaching Miss Rye's protégées of a secret conspiracy to open a marriage mart in Melbourne and to angle for husbands, while affecting to be very innocently bent upon teaching "the young idea how to shoot?"

We doubt it.

It is a proof of her good sense that, at a later period, Miss Rye very prudently suffered herself to be influenced by the opinions of men willing and able to enlighten her as to the requirements of the Colonies so far as governesses are called for. At the meeting in London, on November 3, she admitted that in its original shape, her scheme would have fallen to the ground; and that "an amalgamated system of emigration" had been successfully resorted to. What is somewhat remarkable and creates conjecture, is the circumstance that this benevolent and energetic lady deemed it necessary to charge herself with the responsibility (very fearful perhaps) of "having tacked on to the scheme the emigration of women of the lower class as well as of the middle-class." We cannot wound her by a suspicion that she rendered her selection more acceptable to the Colonists by recruiting from "the hordes of wild Irish," who nevertheless prove their sterling value and meet with a genuine "CEAD MILLE FAILTE" wherever they go—save in old England: very consistently with her feeling Miss Rye gave the preference to her own countrywomen and filled up the *cadre* from Lancashire: an act both wise and charitable, for which every one must applaud her.

With unflinching courage, sanguine hope, and yet a sensible resolve to profit by personal inquiry pursued under the most favourable auspices, Miss Maria Rye, started, in November, on her visit to the Australian Colonies, attended by the good wishes of the benevolent, and escorted by ONE HUNDRED women who, added to the number of those previously sent out by the Committee, subtract *five hundred* from "OUR SIX-HUNDRED-THOUSAND:" thus diminishing by one drop the troubled sea of care-worn females left behind.

All honour to the lady and her excellent coadjutrix, Miss Lewin, for their sympathy with their less fortunate sisters and for their persevering efforts to solace and to serve them. It is no mark of a want of admira-

tion for their zeal that we are not sanguine as to their experiment: that we cannot accept the nostrum of emigration as a "cure" for a "disease" which we ascribe not to the circumstance that women are in excess in England, but to the evil that they are not trained and educated for self-support; that their sphere of employment is reduced to the narrowest possible limit; and that remunerative occupation is, to them, *all but denied*.

Miss Maria Rye's scheme for gradually draining off the surplus number that proves "a difficulty" in our day, is but a palliative. To ship off to the Colonies the least eligible of female emigrants, "the very superior young women," who have no resource but tuition or the needle; to do this as a mode of permanently providing for them, is surely a delusion.

We are warned in the *Melbourne Argus* that in the Australian colonies, there is no demand or "market" for lady candidates for matrimony. But if the reverse were the fact; if the successive shipments of middle-class female emigrants were immediately absorbed; if cohorts of cheerful, blue-eyed, ruddy-faced bachelors marched down to the landing-place to meet them, each gallant gentleman with a plain gold ring in his pocket, ready to offer hand, heart, and "nuggets" to the first willing maiden among them,—what then? So long as the stern, practical, common-sense education of young girls remains neglected with us, the real evil is untouched—the terrible disease unguessed.

Emigration merely changes the scene; it does not render the female emigrant more able to support herself; or if married her family, in the possible event of the matrimonial prize being metamorphosed into a blank; or the not improbable chances of a husband's reverses, sickness, or death.

If silly, feeble, incapable at home; if anxious to exercise the higher faculties of intelligence but distressingly conscious that she *cannot* by reason of their being paralyzed by long total inaction; if unable to diverge from the beaten circle of the mill-wheel—to take two steps by herself without tottering,—it is not the rude exigencies of colonial life that will endow her with strength, spirit, intellect, and aptitude. Emigration changes the scene but the woman remains radically what she was.

"The hordes of wild Irish," the comely Lancashire "wenches," the frugal, keen-witted lasses of Auld Scotia, strong, active, hearty, skilled in housework, prompt in an emergency, and unappalled by the roughest toils of life in an infant settlement, the "bush," or the "diggings"—these clever-handed help-mates may—and *do*—find the change in their favour: they are of the "right sort" in a colony, and they draw prizes in the lottery of marriage, prosper, and grow rich.

But for "the very superior" kind, if in that category are comprehended the delicately nurtured young women who boast only "the usual acquirements of a middle-class English girl,"—to wit, "Murray's grammar; geography; history; French; the globes; crochet and wax-flowers:" for these, however fair and fast, and for the more highly educated of their

compeers, in whose characters refinement of feeling and strength of intellect are allied, we are told, on the best authority, that emigration has little to offer but disappointment and danger.

We repeat the fact : what the woman was at home, it is more than probable she will be in the Colonies. Emigration changes the scene, *not* the individual ; and it leaves her, for all the purposes of self-support, where it found her. It does not, for it cannot, guard her against the recurrence of the evils and hardships that made her an exile ; nor can it secure to her a life-interest in a husband who shall be the most loyal, most prosperous, and most *long-lived* of men.

The conditions of society, like all other sublunary things, have undergone a change. We are far from the patriarchal and what silver-haired nonagenarians gracefully term "the good old times." Women must "shift for themselves," and prepare for the iron realities of the age.

With few, if any, advantages of mental training—the senses rather than the intellect, the emotions rather than the will, being, by a strange fatality, in her case cultivated and fostered,—with frailer physical powers,—with every imaginable difficulty in her way from errors and prejudices of education, woman is, now, continually called upon, and often at a tender age, to be her own guide, counsellor, and bread-winner in a world where men are not ashamed to dispute with her the morsel that earned in tears is consumed in solitude. Happily for her, a stronger faith, a nobler courage, and a more Christian fortitude are her's. Education in its truest sense ; practical training for self-support ; new and extensive fields of industry ; and a manly generosity on the part of her brother-combatants in the battle of life in which she is compelled to take part—or die : these are what our sister stands in need of and *has a right to claim*.

But, ask the timid and the jealous, if females be thus trained and educated for independence, will they not be rendered unfit for domestic life ? We answer, no. By developing the nobler faculties of their intelligence, women will make *themselves* better wives and mothers—their *husbands* wiser and happier men. The mission of the latter will be unto the end of time ; for God said unto the woman, in his wrath, "Thy desire shall be to thy husband and *he shall rule over thee*." (Gen. iii. 16.)

The punishment of Eve is her daughters' inheritance, which their brothers will religiously respect. And to SUFFER is Woman's dearest and holiest privilege, for it is thus she draws closer to the CROSS OF CHRIST.

E. S. C.

Jan. 1863.

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["OUR SIX-HUNDRED-THOUSAND," Part the Fifth, will appear (D.V.) in "*The Rose, The Shamrock, and The Thistle*," for March.]

## WALLER THE POET AND HIS TOMB.

BY P. B . . . .

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“Nor yet shall Waller yield to time.”—POPE.

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THE recent restoration of Waller's tomb in Beaconsfield Churchyard recalls a poet—Edmund Waller—to whom posterity has hardly meted out the full measure of fame due to his merits. Edmund Waller's place should be very high, if not the highest, among the lyric poets of England. Of all our bards he came the nearest to Horace in pungency of thought and grace of expression. Without the depth of soul of Burns, or the brilliantly metaphoric diction of Tom Moore, Waller could point a love song or an ode with an epigrammatic elegance that charms both taste and ear. Waller wrote and felt as a cavalier; for though his relationship to Cromwell made him, at one time, a lukewarm Parliamentarian, his nature inclined him to the King and the King's people. His language, ever chaste and polished, bore the impress of gentility upon it. He could only breathe in an aristocratic atmosphere. Well might he say like Horace, “*Odi profanum vulgus et arceo*.” The very objects of his affections must be all of rank—all ladies by birth or title—he admits of none others. Crowns and coronets, kings, princes, and nobles, and their consorts and their daughters—these are the themes he loves to dwell upon. The plumed head-gear, the gay clothes, and the very perfumes of the courts of Louis of France and Charles of England would seem to surround his poetry. He never used a vulgar or common-place expression. Add to this that, beyond his love stanzas, Waller could, when he chose, show himself an adept in heroic or religious verse. Not only the purity, but the grandeur and the piety of his mind were remarkable. Such being the qualities of this gentle bard, it is a pity that his productions are not more generally studied—not more in daily use amongst us. His charming fancies, his exquisite language and even his *foiblesse* of devotion to the high-born, have, imperceptibly, a refining influence on the readers, and especially the juvenile readers of his works.

Waller's mortal career was a strange one. He was born, in 1605, at Coleshill, Herts, the son of a country gentleman of fortune, and the scion of a very ancient and honourable family—the Wallers of Kent and Bucks. One of his ancestors, Sir Richard Waller, a gallant soldier under Henry V., took prisoner, at Agincourt, the poet Duke of Orleans, father of Louis XII., and retained him many years in friendly captivity at his seat at Groombridge. In memory of this event, the Wallers, by grant from Henry V., hang to one of the bows of their walnut-tree crest the



royal shield of France. The poetic tastes of the Duke of Orleans, which no doubt charmed the solitude of Groombridge, and won for the prince, as bride, the youthful widow of Richard II., seemed ever after to have clung to the house of Waller. Even at this day one of the race, Dr. Waller of Dublin, is a poet of distinction. But to return to Edmund. He was, we say, of gentle birth, but his blood had an infusion of republicanism in it. He was, by the mother's side, nephew of the famous John Hampden and cousin of the still more famous, but less disinterested opponent of royalty, Oliver Cromwell. Waller, while still an infant, succeeded to his father's estate of £3500 a year: his mother had him educated at Eton and King's College, Cambridge. He was a Member of Parliament before he was of age. "I was," said he in one of his speeches, "but sixteen when I first sate, and sometimes it has been thought fit that young men may be early in councils that they may be alive when others are dead."

"Waller," observes Lord Clarendon, "was nursed by Parliaments." With the Hampden and Cromwell bias upon him, Waller opposed the Court, and his eloquence had for a time remarkable influence on the liberal side; but the civil war and the murder of the King dispirited him, and his heart was not in the cause of the Commonwealth. He joined a conspiracy to effect a compromise between the Cavaliers and Roundheads; it was discovered, and he was arrested at his seat, Hall Barn, Beaconsfield, and only saved his life through the interference of his kinsman, Cromwell, and on paying a fine of £10,000 and suffering an exile, which he passed gaily at Rouen and Paris. Cromwell let him back in 1654, and he, in gratitude, wrote his magnificent panegyric on the Lord Protector. The Restoration found Waller a sojourner again at Hall Barn, Beaconsfield, and brought him quickly to London to pay his *devoirs* and devote his verse to King Charles, and to join the mirthful throng of wit and beauty that encircled the monarch.

"Master Waller," observed the King to him at his *levée*, "this poem you have written in praise of me is, they say, not as good as the one in honour of Cromwell."

"Sire," replied Waller, "we poets ever succeed better in fiction than in truth."

About the time of Waller's return, the famous St. Evremond left France, his native country, and came to England. He got acquainted with Waller, and an intimacy commenced between them which lasted as long as Waller lived. When St. Evremond went to Holland, where he resided for some years, he gave Waller the charge of his manuscripts, many of which were lost by some accident in 1665, the year of the plague in London. It is thought that St. Evremond returned to England for the sake of the company of the two poets, Cowley and Waller. The friendship of those great men was formed and endeared by their congeniality of mind.

"No man," says one of Waller's biographers, "had the art of

pleasing more than Edmund Waller, and it gained him the good graces of Charles the Second, that easy and sociable king. In his Majesty's convivial hours with the Duke of Buckingham and his other gay courtiers, he was often one of the company. Drinking was more common in high life at that time than it is now; but Waller was extremely temperate: yet he made his conversation agreeable at these meetings to the last hour. He could so well accommodate himself to his company, that his sobriety threw no restraint nor gloom upon them. He could be as much actuated by the festivity of his temper and the richness of his fancy as others were by the impression of Bacchus, and nature supplied him with those raptures for which they were indebted to the fecundity of wine. Whence Mr. Saville used to say, that 'No man in England should keep him company without drinking but Ned Waller.'

"Waller was a member of the House of Commons in the second and third parliaments of Charles II. In the second, which met on the 8th March 1661, he represented Hastings in Sussex. In the third, which met on the 6th of March 1678, he was returned the second time for Chipping Wycombe in Buckinghamshire. Few men have shone with Waller's eloquence in the House, and few have had his parliamentary experience. He sat in eight parliaments: in one of James the First; in four of Charles the First; in two of Charles the Second; and in the year 1685, in the reign of James the Second, he was chosen for Saltash, a Cornish borough. He was then eighty years old; and yet at that age, Bishop Burnet, in the 'History of his own Times,' says that his speeches were more entertaining than those of any member in the House."

Waller died the 21st October 1687, and was interred in the Churchyard of Beaconsfield.

Although very prominent, it was not Waller's political course that absorbed his mind and his time. Nor was it his domestic life; for though he married twice, and was an excellent husband and father, he appears to have deemed his family unsuited for notoriety, for he never makes public mention of them. His grand occupation was his poetry, and with him, as if of a sacred nature, it was a thing apart, away from household—away from State affairs. Waller, in verse, luxuriates in a world of his own, amid the royal and noble of the land. The lady beauties, themes of his poetic adoration, pass before him, like the shadow before Macbeth, each having on her brow the round and top, if not of sovereignty, at least of nobility. Among the leading fair dames whom he addressed were Lady Carlisle, Lady Sophia Murray, his Amoret; Lady Mary Fielding, his Galatea; and even the Queens of France and England: but far above these, did he place his chief flame, the Lady Dorothea Sydney, daughter of Robert Sydney, second Earl, and sister of Philip Sydney, third Earl of Leicester. One of her brothers was Algernon Sydney. She was Waller's "Sacharissa;" and it is said that, when a widower, he proposed for her and she rejected him, and with the refusal his rhymes in her favour ceased. Be that as it may, the world is greatly indebted to this hopeless

passion for Sacharissa. What can be finer than the verse which it created—such, for instance, as the lines to her “at Penshurst” beginning

“ Had Dorothea lived when mortals made  
Choice of their deities, this sacred shade  
Had held an altar to her power :”

or the stanzas “On Sacharissa’s Picture,” which picture, by the way, he himself affixed into the wainscot at Hall Barn, and which remained there till lately when, at an auction on the premises, it was torn down and sold. Alas! was there no civilized hand there at the moment to arrest such sacrilege?

Sir Bernard Burke, in an article on Beaconsfield, in the first series of his “Vicissitudes of Families,” thus terminates his remarks on Waller and Sacharissa :

“One cannot conclude this reminiscence of Waller’s courtship of Sacharissa without observing how strongly it goes to prove a remarkable fact—the greatness of a poet’s power. Here was a lady who was daughter of an Earl, sister of two Earls, wife of an Earl, mother of an Earl, and sister also of Algernon Sydney. Yet, with all this, what would have remained of her now, if the gentle poet, whom she disdained in her pride, had not granted her a distinction which time cannot destroy? Where are her other coroneted brothers and sisters? Passed into utter oblivion, from which not even the fame of Algernon Sydney could save them. Just like them the Lady Dorothea would be to posterity a thing unknown, but that the poet’s eye, in its glance from heaven to earth, lighted on her beauty; his imagination bodied her forth, and his pen gave name and habitation to those mere airy nothings, her sounding titles and her fleeting charms. What birth and rank could not do, this poet did. The coronet that nobility procured for Sacharissa was but of dust: the wreath that Waller’s poetic sovereignty bestowed on her is immortal.”

As a specimen of Waller’s exquisite love ditties we cannot refrain from giving the following :

TO MY LADY ISABELLA PLAYING ON THE LUTE.

“ Such moving sounds from such a careless touch !  
So unconcerned herself, and we so much !  
What art is this, that with so little pains  
Transports us thus, and o’er our spirits reigns ?  
The trembling strings about her fingers crowd,  
And tell their joy for every kiss aloud.  
Small force their needs to make them tremble so ;  
Touched by that hand, who would not tremble too ?  
Here love takes stand, and while she charms the ear,  
Empties his quiver on the listening deer.  
Music so softens and disarms the mind,  
That not an arrow does resistance find.  
Thus the fair tyrant celebrates the prize,  
And acts herself the triumph of her eyes :  
So Nero once, with harp in hand, surveyed  
His flaming Rome, and as it burned he played.”

And this "Picture drawn in the dark :"—

"Darkness, which fairest nymphs disarms,  
 Defends us ill from Mira's charms ;  
 Mira can lay her beauty by,  
 Take no advantage of the eye,  
 Quit all that Lely's art can take,  
 And yet a thousand captives make.  
 Her speech is graced with sweeter sound  
 Than in another's song is found ;  
 And all her well-placed words are darts,  
 Which need no light to reach our hearts.

As the bright stars and Milky Way  
 Showed by the night, are hid by day ;  
 So we, in that accomplished mind,  
 Helped by the night, new graces find,  
 Which, by the splendour of her view,  
 Dazzled before, we never knew.  
 While we converse with her, we mark  
 No want of day, nor think it dark ;  
 Her shining image is a light  
 Fixed in our hearts, and conquers night."

We must stop here, for were we to continue to present Waller's excellence, we should have scarcely any, perhaps none, of his productions to leave behind. There is, indeed, no other limit than the extent of his verse to the refinement and grace of this poet of the drawing-room, the courtly bower, and the palace.

Waller, we have said, lies buried in Beaconsfield Churchyard not far from another and a mightier Edmund—Edmund Burke, whose mortal remains are in a vault in the Church itself. Edmund Burke was a prince among orators and statesmen, as Waller was a prince among poets. Waller's tomb is a stately monument, erected as a mark of the filial affection of Waller's son. Burke when he resided at Beaconsfield took a pride and a pleasure in showing this tomb to his numerous friends and guests—among them, Dr. Johnson, who much admired the monument and the Latin inscription upon it by Rymer of the *Fœdera*, and especially the passage where it stated that Waller was "of the poets of his time easily the prince ; that when an octogenarian he did not abdicate the laurel he had won in his youth ; and that his country's language owes to him the possible belief that if the muses should cease to speak Greek and Latin they would love to talk in English."

This monument to Waller has been recently restored at the expense of his descendant and representative, H. E. Waller, Esq., late of Hall Barn, Beaconsfield, and now of Farmington, Gloucestershire. The statuary, Mr. Henry Harley of Windsor, who did the work of renovation has done it well. The tomb of white and black marble, with its paved yard and its walnut tree (emblematic of the Waller crest), forms a magnificent adornment of the rural Churchyard ; and the visitor, passing from it into the Church, will again be met by the mark of departed genius. His foot will

come upon the brass tablet lately laid down by the relatives and namesakes of Edmund Burke, to point out the very spot under which the statesman lies. Thus, with these two graves (whose recent decorations owe much to the exertions and creditable interference of the Rev. John Gould, B.D., the venerable Rector of Beaconsfield, now in his eighty-third year)—with the ruins near of Burke's house and Burke's grove, and Waller's beautiful and existing seat of Hall Barn and its grounds, where may yet be seen a classic temple no doubt raised to Sacharissa's "power," the verdant hamlet of Beaconsfield presents attractions that rival those of the Twickenham of Pope and the Stratford-on-Avon of Shakespeare.

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## CLOSE BY THIS RIVER.

BY S. H. BRADBURY (QUALLON).

CLOSE by this river I was born,  
There passed my happiest days ;  
To me its high and verdurous banks,  
Were sweet and flowery ways.  
I love to see the river now,  
In manhood's sober prime ;  
And listen to its wandering waves,  
As to a measured rhyme.

In morning's light its bosom glows,  
And when the evening dies,  
It bears upon its tranquil breast  
The hues of clouds and skies.  
I linger on the silent scene,  
And ponder o'er the past :—  
The first faint dawnings of a life,  
'Mid saddened visions cast.

I see the wavelets glide away,  
Their liquid murmurs hear,  
That bring once more the thoughts of youth,  
Like friends, long absent, near.  
There's mystery in the sound of waves,  
The mind may ne'er forget,  
That lasts like love of guileless heart,  
On some rare treasure set.

## CLOSE BY THIS RIVER.

Long by this river I have dreamed,  
Oft sought its quiet shades ;  
And I can never lose its charms  
Till memory's brightness fades.  
Still by the whispering elms it glides,  
The grey old bridge, and mill,  
The village church with ivied tower,  
The vales and wooded hill !

By pastures where the cowslips swing,  
By crumbling rocks and isles ;  
When eve no longer on it sleeps,  
And when the morning smiles.  
I love it when no wave is seen  
To shiver on its breast ;  
And white clouds mirrored in its deeps,  
In skies of azure rest !

Old river ! memories sweet are mine,  
Of life's first hours and thee ;  
Before this heart was stung with care  
Thy stream was dear to me.  
Thou art unchanged—not so this heart,  
That clings unto the past,  
Like one who sorrows for a life  
Whose beauties could not last.

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## WOMAN IN DAILY LIFE: OR SHADOWS ON EVERY HILL-SIDE.

(Continued from Page 260.)

### CHAPTER VI.

#### THE BRIDAL.

"I beseech you, sir,  
Harm not yourself with your vexation,  
I am senseless of your wrath—a touch more rare  
Subdues all pangs, all fears."

CYMBELINE.

THE day dawned at last—the day that was to entail so fearful a weight of sin and sorrow on the future! It was a bright, cloudless sky, a lovely August morning—all nature full of joy and gladness, and human hearts convulsed with passion! A slight haze, like the German *grape-fog*, so well known to autumnal sojourners by the Rhine, had hung over the country in the early morning, as if nature too had adorned herself with her bridal veil to assist at the ceremony; but the sun, her bridegroom, soon cast all veils aside, and light and radiance were over all surrounding things!

Julia sat before the pier glass, still composed under the influence of that strong narcotic, wounded pride, which had now been her potion for so many a day. She sat, calm outwardly, and calm inwardly, with a strong don't-care indifference about her heart, which, thank Heaven! I have never known and therefore cannot describe from experience—a feeling, I believe, known but to woman, and in her only proceeding from a blight falling upon her dearest and keenest affections. Julia sat quietly, unmoved, while the magnificent jet black tresses of her raven hair were twisted round her head, secured by two priceless diamond pins on each side; while the wreath of snowy orange blossoms, so dear to the eyes of a loving bride, as associated with the sweet and holy thoughts of wifehood's tenderness, was placed upon her brow; and the rich veil of Honiton lace thrown over all—reaching down to, and half covering, the magnificent moire antique which, at the express desire of Lady Travers, she had adopted as the most *comme il faut* bridal costume.

"All ready, Julia," said Colonel Vere—who, in her father's absence, was to give her away—looking in, more perchance for an excuse to peep at the bridesmaids than the bride: "why, you're keeping them all waiting. Conyers has had his surplice on this half hour, and Snelgrove will be fainting in Ned's arms, overpowered at being the sole object of curiosity in his white waistcoat."

Then, at the mention of Ned, the muscles of Julia's stony face twitched

as with a sudden pain ; but the dull, quiet shadow settled on it again, though her lips grew a shade whiter. She rose and took her brother's arm, and, entering the carriage with him and her mother, arrived at the church, a quiet, tearless, composed bride—a calm indifference in every movement—very different from the easily excited Violet, who wept abundantly from her very sympathy with married happiness, as recollections of her own feelings, as she stood with her beloved Frank before the altar, swept over her heart in all their intensity.

Violet dressed in Ned's gift, the pretty green and white silk, and a white lace bonnet, and her own wedding veil arranged shawl ways, looked almost as bridal as Julia. There was certainly more light of love in her eyes, as she turned them on Frank at any touching bit in the ceremony, all glistening as they were with the tears of sympathy. Lydia Repton, the beauty of the season, looked regally magnificent in her bridesmaid's dress ; though there were those who admired the more graceful, if less regularly handsome, Adelaide Stanley—that most, lively, chatty, get-on-able Adelaide—who talked to one, laughed with another, scolded a third, and kept them all going. Miss Thurlow's dress sat with true mathematical precision, and would have set still better if her little brother Eustace, in his anxiety to see the bride, hadn't stepped upon it and torn off half the flounces ; but Eustace was a privileged character, the one boy in the family, the heir to the baronetcy, whose little pasty face was visible wherever his sisters went, and whose eyes and ears were wide open to an hour as late as those of grown up Christians every night. Eustace had never been a nursery child—a perpetual drawing-room nuisance to the world at large, putting in his puny oar into the stream of conversation, and perpetually falling foul of those of full grown and experienced rowers as they swept down the current, asking all manner of inconvenient questions, bringing forth all manner of inane remarks to engross the attention of the world at large ; in short, a sort of combination of human monkey and human parrot—a child who kept you in perpetual pain for fear he should knock over a table and then howl. On this occasion he had certainly achieved his full *quantum* of mischief on his sister's lace flounces. She, however, took the grievance like a female philosopher, as she was, and consoled herself by diligently conjugating the verb *amo* as she stood behind the bride.

The service began : but ere it began, Julia turned, and in that *last* moment she bent an earnest, penetrating glance upon Ned Conyers' face—a wildly questioning look, as if despair had fought with apathy and gained the victory over his sullen foe, and urged the beleaguered city to a last and final effort ; but Ned Conyers was gazing steadily on his brother, and the look—Julia's eager, heart-broken glance—did not meet his averted eye. The service proceeded, and emphatically Frank read the opening words : with the deep pathos of his impressive voice he dwelt upon, "For be ye well assured—" Julia scarcely heard him : apathy had again resumed its sway ; or rather her heart was swelling with indignant feelings. Ned heard him not : his mind was far away in the old

corner of Lincolnshire, near Lord Vere's seat, where he had first seen Julia riding gaily along through the wood with her brother, where her horse reared and would have thrown her against a tree but for his protecting arm. But Snelgrove heard, and why does his cheek turn pale? Lord Snelgrove, why, let me ask, does an uglier expression of craven fear and cunning deceit come over your face than there was before? Do you feel that for the girl who stands beside you there is no warm, true husband's love in your breast—that you are taking a solemn vow upon you, which you have no intention of honestly keeping?

The service was at an end; and Lady Snelgrove received the congratulations of all in the vestry. Among others, Ned Conyers approached, approached *now* that all was irrevocably *over*, with a voice faltering with deep pathos, tears glistening in those honest blue eyes of his.

"Miss Vere—Lady Snelgrove, I may tell you *now* how earnest are my hopes for your happiness, how strongly I have striven with myself to conquer the intense feelings of interest with which I regarded you, and to merge them all in one unselfish, affectionate regard for you and your chosen husband. May Heaven prosper and bless you both, and deal so with Snelgrove as he deals with you. Through life you will both have one firm, unfailing friend, whose attachment will never fade. Will you, Lady Snelgrove, allow me the privilege of groomsman, and let me guard your wedding ring by a little token that tells its own tale of what *has* been fraught with much pain to me, but will now, I hope, only give me the pleasure of affectionate sympathy?"

And as he spoke he placed upon her finger a ring, where ruby, emerald, garnet, amethyst, ruby, and diamond combined to whisper the word "*regard*;" and Julia received it. It was too late now to show the passionate feelings called forth by his words; too late now to avow her heart's intense love for him—her grief, her despair, at his contemptuous indifference to her—to show her triumph at his love. Yes, it was all too late. Words had been spoken, solemn promises breathed on earth and registered in Heaven. Mortals had vowed a vow in a holy spot where angels came to listen; and spoken words, and promises and vows, all alike bound her as Snelgrove's wife. Oh! *why* had he not spoken before? A keen impatience, an anger against destiny, took possession of her. She felt inclined to quarrel with Providence, to upbraid fate. Every one around her, but Ned Conyers, had already disappeared, and Lord Snelgrove was leading her to the carriage. Never bore coroneted carriage and four horses a more unwilling bride! Lydia Repton would have enjoyed her position and rejoiced in being a Viscountess; but Julia's character, though faulty and imperfect, was above such petty triumphs. Her feelings were very strong, very impetuous—so strong that she dared not show them, and the suppression gave her the appearance of sullenness and bad-temper. Her passions were very deep, and she had no keen, religious principle to keep them hedged in, as it were, with a law. Few voices of kindness had whispered love in poor Julia's soul. Perhaps Ned

Conyers was the first real *true* friend she had ever possessed. She did not like Violet; they didn't sympathize. All Violet's thoughts and feelings were open as the day. Her's was an expanding nature, and she soon got provoked with anything gloomy and uncommunicative. She couldn't understand Julia, and Julia couldn't understand her. Violet felt full confidence where she loved. Her sole anxiety was to ward Frank from suffering one moment's annoyance. Julia was jealous, jealous to a degree, of those to whom her passionate affections were given; and if she was miserable, why, she would rather they should be so too. She had a kind heart, and was capable of deep and untiring devotion to those she loved; but they must not thwart her. Her's was a nature that must revenge itself, for a time at least, even upon those it loved, for any act that pained her. Violet admired Julia's beauty, felt interested in her, liked the kindness of her disposition; but she was a puzzle to her. She never felt she understood her, and couldn't make out whether she cared for Ned or no. Just now, she had satisfactorily settled in her own mind she *didn't*, and she was fast getting up a sympathy in the affection she supposed her to entertain for Lord Snelgrove, and feeling how delighted Julia must be to be really and truly fast married to the man she loved; for marriage without love was quite an un-understandable case to Violet, who thought happy matrimony the aim and end of woman's existence. Her desire to see all her friends married was intense; and in the fulness of her heart she would willingly have extended the privilege to her servants. The mere mention of a *follower* was sufficient to enlist her sympathy, and a warm and ready invitation to the kitchen evinced her interest; until fatal experience convinced her that the parlour-maid's charms were nothing compared to those of the beer-barrel, and the cook's attractions were quite second to those of a baron of beef. It was not till a serious defalcation in preserves and home-made wine, and other sundries in the charge of the cook, was discovered, that Violet opened her eyes as to the inexpediency of *followers*—in the lower ranks of life, at least, where the distinction between the *meum* and *tuum* is frequently so faintly marked as to be nearly invisible; and, besides, she was often greatly disgusted that, after having expended all her sympathies upon the alliance pending between Susan Stubbing and Giles Jones—after questioning them about their future cottage, promising the bride a shawl and the bridegroom a hat—she never could stir them up to the proper mark of matrimony. They were always in no hurry to fix the day—didn't care if it wasn't for years; and once Susan actually told her astonished mistress that she "shouldn't think of marrying Giles till she was certain he had money enough to keep her comfortably."

"But," said the amazed Violet, "wouldn't it be better to marry and try and save together? How can you bear to think of him struggling on alone? now, while he is in poverty, he *wants* your help to comfort him. Now, suppose he should be ill, who has he to nurse him?"

Susan didn't know—supposed the woman he lodged with would see to

him ; at all events she wouldn't, and "her making up her mind," as she called it, to taking him at all, depended very much on the amount of property he laid at her feet. It was all very nice to have a follower to walk through primrose lanes with after church, and across grassy fields—to laugh with over the kitchen-fire on winter nights, and to feed with good suppers at her mistress's expense ; but to look steadily forward to entering his humble home, striving with and for him, and feeling a life of self-denial with him sweeter far than luxuries without him—carrying out, in fact, that sublime picture of marriage which is presented to us in woman's wedding-vow : "In sickness and in health, to love, honour, and to obey, and forsaking all other keep me only unto thee, till death do us part"—no, that was far from Susan's theory or intention ; and Violet, disgusted, felt her sympathy wasted, and came to the conclusion there were Lydia Reptons in all classes.

But, while we are running on about Violet's internal economy, we have left the bridal party to its own devices, to pass over as best it may the usual routine of breakfast speech-making, dress-changing, and leave-taking. Ned Conyers—honest Ned—no longer avoided Julia. She was now, by her own act and deed, another's ; and he looked upon her as such, and his pure, true heart could not for a moment entertain the thought of coveting another's bride. He rather strove to evince his friendship for her and her husband, trying to overcome his contemptuous dislike for the latter, and make himself looked upon in the light of a friend, and a true friend, by both. He it was who opened the carriage door for them as they went away, who wrung the hand of each with all the warmth of his nature, and sped good wishes and kind prophecies after the departing barouche and four ; and when the postilions and their favours, the horses and their new harness, the man and the maid behind, the bride and the bridegroom inside, had all disappeared, it was Ned who exerted himself to relieve that sort of settled dulness that falls on the afternoon of a wedding day. There was to be a ball in the evening, but in the meantime what was to be done ?

"Let us eschew dinner, Mrs. Trelawny," said Ned, "and go off to Isliff rocks for the afternoon ; the harvest moon will light us home by eight, quite time enough for the ball."

Mrs. Trelawny rejoiced to accede to the proposal, and soon horses, ponies, and carriages thronged the space before the door. Capt. Conyers, Colonel Vere, Mr. Thurlow, his two daughters, and Adelaide Stanley rode. Lydia Repton, whose prey had flown, and who knew that even Colonel Vere's attentions would be entirely absorbed by Adelaide Stanley, preferred driving Mrs. Trelawny's father-in-law—old, grey-headed Lord Bolton—in one of the pretty little pony carriages with a pair of grey ponies with long black manes, so gentle as to eat bread out of the hands of Rosey Trelawny, who was their especial patroness. The old man had hoped his granddaughter would have been his charioteer on this occasion, but fate and Lydia decreed otherwise. Lord Bolton was a widower, nearly eighty,

a man of untold and unentailed wealth. His eldest son had been killed in a duel—a man of very bad character—and had left no children, at all events, lawful heirs of his name. His only surviving son, Mr. Trelawny, had already succeeded to his mother's enormous property, and really would hardly know what to do with his father's if he got it. So, at all events, argued Lydia, as she deliberated within herself the advisability of relieving him of such a weight of the base coin by lifting a portion of it upon her own shoulders, at the expense of taking the old Viscount too. Her plans were not yet matured, but the drive in the pony carriage could do no harm at any rate, and she would see how the land lay. Violet went with Lady Travers, Mrs. Reynolds, and Caroline Heimweh, in Mrs. Trelawny's little open carriage, driven by a dashing looking little postilion; and Mrs. Trelawny, the Rev. Frank, and the rest of the party, girded on their seven-leagued boots and prepared to walk over ploughed fields, across hedges and ditches. Lady Vere excused herself on the plea of a headache; and so did Mrs. Mundane, when she found a headache was the proper and aristocratical thing to have after a wedding.

They soon reached Isliff—beautiful Isliff, with ragged broken cliffs that seem to pierce and *cut* the sky with their jagged points, every fissure bursting in spring into some beautiful bright gush of fresh early green, and now, in autumn, glowing with even richer colours. The pleasure-seeking party eschewed the caves, snubbed the guides and vendors of crystal, turned a deaf ear to the Cockney delights of a “a boat upon the water,” and, leaving horses and carriages in the charge of the grooms, wandered far enough up the deep winding defile to be out of the reach of the sight-showing populace, and established themselves in one of the smooth turfed little nooks which are to be found among the wild rocks and cliffs. Here, as they all sat grouped upon the grass, there was a call for music—for singing at least—and Ned, always good-humoured, consented at once.

“Give us the ‘*Ring*,’ Ned,” said Violet; “I am so fond of that: it was written by Ned's mother, and it is so pretty.”

Ned made one or two excuses and proposed something else, but at last consenting, he commenced—

#### THE RING.

Ah! golden link, no stately throng  
There gathered round the spot,  
No stately ceremonial fixed  
For aye my happy lot.

Alone we stood—all Nature seemed  
With one consent to pause,  
Enregistering our solemn vows,  
Enlisting in our cause!

And as I felt thy circling spell  
There stirred a secret charm;  
Sorrow and doubt they passed away  
Beneath affection's balm!



And words were spoken soft and low,  
 Blest words of hallowed prayer—  
 It trembled with a sacred love,  
 The hand that placed it there.

There was always an exquisite pathos in Ned's voice that made even common simple words seem effective ; and to-day his voice, always sweet, seemed sweeter and more pathetic than ever.

"Oh ! another, another, Capt. Conyers ; don't leave off yet," broke from all around.

"Can you sing Alcibiade's triumphant chorus, or the Dirge of Socrates," inquired Matilda Thurlow ; "they are very fine, quite classical."

"Oh ! but," interrupted her sister Livy, "Papa says they are nothing compared to 'Cincinnatus's Lament for his Plough.' We have it in the original Greek ; and I play it to the organ. I shall be so happy to give you the notes, Capt. Conyers, and to teach you, if you like, the real accentuated pronunciation of the ancients."

"Thank you, Miss Thurlow, but I'm afraid Cincinnatus is a cut beyond me. Those old fellows had awful bass voices, I should fancy, and far beyond the compass of mine."

"Ah ! but," said both the Miss Thurlows in a breath, "you could at least join in the senatorial choral chant of

"Leave, leave my gray streaked beard,  
 Villains forbear,  
 Honour the gray streaked beard,  
 Touch not my hair."

And they hummed a few lines. "Oh ! it is so grand, Capt. Conyers, and we want a male voice so much."

"Afraid I shouldn't do it justice, but I'll give you 'Listen, dear Willie,' if you like—rather a more simple ditty."

Listen, dear Willie, oh ! listen to me,  
 Thy loved one now offers a bright hope to thee.

Listen to me !

She turns from the glare and the glitter of mirth  
 To cheer thy dear steps thro' this desolate earth.

Listen, dear Willie, oh ! listen to me,  
 Thy loved one now offers a bright hope to thee.

Listen to me !

Weep not, dear Willie, for sorrows to-day,  
 Our love is the rainbow to drive them away ;  
 There is not a tear but is chased by a smile,  
 There is not a woe but fond love may beguile.  
 Smile then, dear Willie, oh ! smile and be gay ;  
 Thy tear is my night, and thy smile is my day !

"Can't anybody else sing, to rest Capt. Conyers," said Mrs. Trelawny ; when the murmur of approval evoked by the last song had somewhat died away.

"I'll tell you what Violet can do," said Ned, "if she can't sing she

can repeat. Violet, do repeat those lines on Gusty's leap that you 'made up,' as we used to say when we were children. My eldest brother, Gusty, commonly known as Major Augustus Conyers, had a narrow squeak for his life the other day in the Indian Mutiny. Riding across a plain with another officer, he met a party of his own troop, who made at him, killed his companion, and would have served poor Gusty the same but for his capital horse. Little Beauty saved her master's life if ever a horse did. Now go on, fire away, Violet ;" and Violet began—

THE WARRIOR'S LEAP.

Alone he stood, in manhood's prime,  
The boy of many prayers,  
The object of a mother's love,  
An anxious father's prayers !

Alone he stood—afar were they  
Who shared his boyish glee,  
Two on their active manhood's course,  
One 'neath his household tree.

Alone he stood—no pensive mood  
Had found him lingering there,  
No vision of the Poet's heart,  
Dreams of a future fair !

Alone he stood—no maiden's clasp  
Is flung around him now,  
No loved one prints a timid kiss  
Upon her warrior's brow.

Alone he stood—'mid savage yells,  
Their savage fury wild,  
'Mid India's reckless denizens,  
By fanatics beguiled.

Alone he stood—for fiendish hands  
Had laid his comrade low,  
And fiendish hearts were thirsting still  
To bend on him their blow.

Alone he stood—one, one alone,  
One dauntless heart and hand,  
One object of the fury wild,  
Of all that murderous band !

Alone he stood—one moment's thought,  
He pressed his courser's side,  
And swift as lightning off he flew  
To dare the desperate ride.

Forth ! forth, a ride for life or death,  
The murderers follow fast ;  
Forth ! forth, young Warrior, falter not,  
One faltering were thy last !

Forth ! forth ! he spurs his gallant steed,  
He dares you desperate leap—  
He springs—the baffled villains pause  
With imprecations deep !

Safe ! safe ! the deadly chase is done,  
 The race for life or death ;  
*Now*, Warrior, rest thy gallant steed,  
*Now* draw thy labouring breath.

*They* may not dare a British leap,  
 Who bear no British heart,  
 Those fiendish souls may never hope  
 To play a soldier's part.

Yes ! rest thee, Warrior, rest thee now,  
 The deadly race is won ;  
 Rest thee ! and give a thought to those  
 With whom life's course begun.

Rest thee ! and think how angel wings  
 Have hovered o'er thy brow,  
 The *Aegis* of a mother's prayer  
 Been spread around thee now !

Rest thee ! and think how early love  
 Will breathe in faltering tone,  
 Thanksgivings from a brother's lips,  
 Heard by high Heaven alone.

Rest thee ! and think how kindred hearts  
 Will beat with rapture high,  
 How at thy bold and desperate deed,  
 Proud drops will fill the eye.

Rest thee ! and think how woman's voice  
 Shall pour triumphant lays,  
 And silver lutes be struck to tell  
 The gallant Warrior's praise.

Rest thee ! Sir Peter's worthy son,  
 Rest thee ! Sir Robert's heir ;  
 Thou too hadst dared the Spanish foe,  
 Baffled the jailor's care !

"There is an old legend in Mr. Conyers' family," said Violet, as she concluded, "that one of his ancestors fought against the Spanish Armada, and the other hewed his way out of a prison in Northumberland, in the days of King John, by the aid of a simple clasp-knife, which clasp-knife is still preserved in the family."

"Yes," said Frank, "and there's a good story hangs by that. Mrs. Gubbings, the widow of some *ci-devant* Alderman, who had been left a widow with a quantity of money, a house in Portman Square, and no end of unmarried daughters, found money, without some degree of family pretension, wouldn't avail to dispose of them in matrimony ; so, hearing my father tell the story of the clasp-knife, and seeing the treasure too with her own eyes, she had one made to imitate it—bought an old oil-painting, some wretched daub of an imitation of Holbein, called it *Johanne de Gubbings*, and hanging it up in her dining-room, tormented all her guests by the history of how he broke the blade in scraping his way out of the Tower of London in James's days ! but, unfortunately for

her veracity, there is no record of any unfortunate Gubbings being subjected to solitary confinement!"

They all laughed, and Mrs. Trelawny said: "The woman showed ingenuity at all events."

"But a deplorable want of imagination," said Violet, "I never could understand why she didn't invent something for herself and not rest content to be a tame copyist. I should have substituted a ring, given by Henry the Fifth upon the plains of Agincourt, for the knife, I think."

"It always gratifies my vanity as a poor nobleman's son," said Colonel Vere, "to see rich people who have no ancestry, try to assume one; it shows so plainly that they value what I *have*, and don't set too high a price upon what I have *not*."

"Respect for family and pedigree is not the virtue of the present day," said Frank; "the very tradesmen assume a bullying air, and are far from treating you with the consideration and civility of past days."

"Yes," said Mr. Stanley, "I found a marked change when I returned to England after being absent for three years; they don't seem to care for your custom, and won't let you run up bills as they used to do!"

There was a general laugh, and Adelaide shouted into her father's ear: "And that's a sore trial to you, isn't it?"

"It's very odd," said Mrs. Trelawny, "human nature loves a bill. I hate paying for anything as I get it; but it really isn't avarice, for I quite enjoy a good long bill, and like to put down the money for it on the counter."

"Is it quite *comme il faut* in London to pay your own bills, dear Mrs. Trelawny?" said Lady Travers' gentle voice; "I always sent my maid or the housekeeper. I don't think it does to go yourself in *London*, do you?"

"Oh! yes, I go myself, drive there while I am out, and quite delight in the heaps of shining gold."

"How well I understand that feeling," said Violet. "Even in my small paying way I enjoy the thought of how glad they must be to get it, what they will do with it, what a lot they must think it; how they will buy frocks for the children, shoes for themselves; and in *their* turn, pay their little bills with it, and feel the weight of them off their mind."

"I'm afraid, Vi, you wouldn't have much pleasure in paying such gentlemen as Storr and Mortimer, Fortnum and Mason, and their compeers; for the only effect of the money upon them would be to toss it into the till and send it off at four o'clock to the bank, to swell the immense balance already there," said Frank; "but seriously," continued he, "I do think there is much to be regretted in the present manners and habits of our tradesmen. I look at the Christian, the Biblical view of the case, and alas! how often is it that the earnest, heart-rending cry of "Have patience with me and I will pay thee all," is met by grasping the debtor by the throat, and reiterating the relentless "Pay me that thou owest." There are many cases where to give credit would be as fair an

exercise of Christian charity as to give *money*. The system has, I grant you, been abused, but that is no reason for falling into the other extreme."

"I hear," said Colonel Vere, "that there is a new society established which enables the tradesman to keep a prying and surveillant eye upon his betters. I declare I ordered a coat the other day of an impudent fellow, an army tailor, and he'd the assurance to decline working for me, alleging as his excuse, that as I owed so many people there wasn't much chance of my paying *him*!"

"Well," said Miss Stanley—"for I must say I sympathize with the tailor—I've no patience with you young men who buy for the sake of buying and never think of the paying!"

In such conversation the afternoon passed away, and they hurried home at last—warned by the bright glances of bonnie Lady Moon that it was growing late—to prepare for the wedding ball. Mrs. Trelawny had a good deal of taste, and the whole ball-room was hung with festoons of orange blossom, white roses, and myrtle. The floor was beautifully chalked in a floral pattern of the same flowers; and a white bridal garland was sustained by two banners, with the Vere arms richly wrought upon them. The ball was a pretty one—plenty of pink and white tarlatanes flitted across the floor, and all who had a right to uniforms wore them—so it was bright enough to please any one.

"Come, dance away, Violet, why don't you?" said Frank, as he came up to his wife, from whom he was never long absent, in the course of the evening.

"I don't care about dancing, Frank. I used to like it so when I danced with you, but it's lost its interest for me now, and I'd rather sit quite still among the matrons."

During the ball Lydia Repton's assiduities had been extreme to Lord Bolton. He had already returned, quite pleased with the way she tucked him up under the carriage wrapper, put a cushion at his back, and made a footstool of her storm cloak for his gouty foot; and now she followed up the plan by running across the room with his cup of tea, thereby forestalling Rosey, whose supreme delight it was "to wait upon grandpapa." It was Lydia who stuck in the sprig of red geranium and myrtle blossom the old man wore so gallantly in his button-hole; it was Lydia who wheeled his arm-chair into a comfortable corner, and, when asked to dance, turned imploringly round, to "*beg* dear Lord Bolton to let her stay by him and go on with that *charming* story he was telling her." What marvel then, when he bade her good-night, if the old man took her hand into both of his and bade Heaven bless his dear little charioteer, and "hoped they might have another nice drive together ere long!" Old people receive *petits soins* greedily; they are hungry for attentions, swallow them eagerly, and don't stop to discriminate too narrowly what motive they spring from.

Colonel Vere and Miss Stanley spent the evening in almost a *tête-à-tête*—in the conservatory, ball-room, boudoir, ante-room, and supper-hall, always together—and once or twice a bright blush of undisguised pleasure

mantled Adelaide's cheeks. "It is so nice to be cared for by any one," as she said afterwards. Towards the end of the evening the *tête-à-tête* became more animated, and a narrow watching bystander could perceive that the gentleman was the chief speaker, and that as they parted at night there was more of that privileged familiarity in the manner of each that marks so distinctly the change between a mere preference and a real betrothal. Violet was not surprised at a knock at her dressing-room door, and a petition from Adelaide to come in for a private and confidential chat.

"Dear Mrs. Conyers, I am so happy. I am engaged to Colonel Vere—such a dear, brave, noble fellow he is—and it will be such a life of happiness for me; and I am so glad for my dear father and mother's sake too, with their large family. Though poor, dear mamma never wants us to marry, yet I am sure it will be a comfort to her when she is certain it will be for my happiness. You're so happy yourself with your own husband, that I'm certain you'll enter into *my* happiness."

And cordially Violet did enter into it, and long did they talk, and eagerly did she repeat all Adelaide's joyful tale to Frank, who grew soon almost as much interested as she was.

"I only wish it were Ned, Frank," said Violet; "I think they would suit each other so well. I am so anxious to see poor Ned well married. Fancy, Frank, Adelaide Stanley has liked Colonel Vere ever since she was quite a little bit of a girl of thirteen. He used to come down for the shooting, and bring her brothers such nice presents, and be so kind and merry with them; and year by year he paid her more and more attention every time he saw her, and made her quite understand that his affections were given to her; and to-night he proposed, and Adelaide says *she* is the happiest creature on the face of the earth!—not so happy as *me*, I told her: I've *tried* my armour; she's got to see if her's fits!"

"Vere seems to me a crotchety fellow," said Frank, "and I have my fears about Adelaide's happiness. His cousin was driving with him one day in his dog-cart, and he remarked something wrong in the harness. Vere stopped the horse and told him he and his carpet bag might both get out, as he never drove any one in his trap who interfered with his arrangements, and then and there he landed him to find his way to the country house where he was going the best way he could!"

"Poor Adelaide," said Violet, "and she has such bright hopes. I should hate an ill-tempered husband; it's such a comfort a good-natured old darling, to make a pet of, like you!"

"Talking of petting *old* darlings, did you ever see anything more ridiculous than the fuss Lydia Repton was making about old Lord Bolton. She's got her eye upon him, charming him, as they do the serpents; and she'll be Lady Bolton before long—mark my words."

"Oh, Frank, how ridiculous—a woman may not marry her grandfather; you forget your *fly-leaf*, however well up you may be in what goes before and after!"



## CHAPTER VII.

## MORE TALK.

"Come hither, come hither, by night and by day,  
We linger in pleasures that never are gone;  
Like the waves of the summer as one dies away,  
Another as sweet and as shining comes on."

MOORE.

The whole party were to stay another day with the Trelawnys, and then to break up—Violet and Frank to their parsonage; the Trelawnys themselves to their other place in the Highlands; Adelaide to prepare for her wedding in the spring; Colonel Vere to take his mother for the projected yachting trip in the meanwhile. In fact everybody was going somewhere; the Thurlows were intent upon the sea-side, as their one precious masculine specimen had looked pale for the last three weeks, and as Mrs. Thurlow told Violet that evening, as she sat on the sofa by her, "The dear child had talked so much of death and the grave, it really made her quite uneasy—the doctor thought his digestion bad." Violet differed with the doctor, and seeing he had eaten four large slices of wedding-cake, one after the other, unscathed, she did seriously incline to imagine he must have the digestion of a camel!

The Reynolds, too, were about to take a trip. Their destination was the Channel Islands. Mr. Reynolds' mother had been a Le Testin—one of the old sixty Guernsey families, who had lived and reigned in that Island almost ever since the world began (so at least they would tell you!)—and he was anxious to show his maternal Island, with its fruits, its flowers, and its friendships to his young wife. Besides, he hoped a little change of scene would do more towards restoring her spirits and health than anything else.

Young Thurlow was more disagreeable than ever this evening: he fidgetted about, was perpetually doubling up his fist at his sister Livy, and forcing himself into a nook on the sofa between his mother and Violet; breaking the steel of the latter's crinoline with a *crack!* and kicking her ankle bones with his erratic feet and hard soled shoes, till she felt sick and faint; asking questions when they were talking of something quite beyond his comprehension, and making such inroads into the refreshment tray that Mr. Reynolds, pointing to him, whispered to Violet, "Have by some surgeon, Shylock, at thy charge!"

"It is not so nominated in the bond," said Violet laughing. "Mrs. Thurlow detests doctors, and doses all her children with some quack medicine of her own—how pale that poor Eustace looks, I think they push him on too fast in his studies."

"Thurlow's a practical man," said Mr. Reynolds, "and he knows there's nothing like over education for keeping down a surplus population."

Adelaide Stanley looked supremely happy, she had no eyes or ears for

anybody but Colonel Vere. Lady Vere, on the contrary, wore by no means a pleasant countenance. The Colonel was her favourite son—the glass of fashion, the hero of the Park, and the idol of the ball-room—and to see him throw himself away upon a country clergyman's daughter, one of nine children, was extremely disappointing. She was a woman who could render herself excessively disagreeable if she liked, and now she tried to vent her indignation in as near an approach to rudeness to the Stanley family as self-respect would permit; but it all fell harmless. Mr. Stanley was deaf, Mrs. Stanley imperturbably good humoured; and Adelaide herself, quite free from *mauvaise honte* and all openness and sincerity, was an exceedingly difficult person to quarrel with. The only being she had it in her power to nettle and render uncomfortable was her own son, and in that design she *thoroughly* succeeded. His temper, never very sweet, became under her system of irritation, marvellously ruffled. He smoothed it over to Adelaide herself, but let all beside see very plainly that Colonel Vere was out of humour. Something was said about a little tailor in the village who worked very well and cheaply, and whom Mrs. Trelawny occasionally employed out of charity on a repairing job.

"Rupert must ask for his address," said Lady Vere, who knew well Rupert prided himself most especially on the set of his coats, and that Rupert's tailor in St. James' Street thought it a subject of boast that "Colonel Vere's coats were made here, sir." "Rupert must ask for his address. How many new coats do you intend to have by and bye, Rupert? I suppose one every five years, but you can have it patched carefully, so as not to show. Is he a *good* patcher?" turning with warm interest to Mrs. Trelawny, "because it will be *such* an advantage to Rupert to know of such a man. My dear, write down the name in your pocket-book; perhaps *you* will, Miss Stanley."

"Adelaide's a first rate patcher herself," said deaf Mr. Stanley, who began, deaf as he was, to perceive her ladyship's drift.

"Oh! yes! I patched a coat beautifully for Greville the other day before he went back to school," said Adelaide; "I'm quite proud of my powers."

The Miss Thurlows tittered; Lydia Repton cast a contemptuous glance as she sat at the backgammon-board with Lord Bolton; Lady Travers regretted, in a low voice, that "such a nice girl as Miss Stanley shouldn't be more *comme il faut* than to mention the word 'patching' in Mrs. Trelawny's drawing-room;" and Mrs. Mundane observed also, *softo voce*, that "it was a clear case of a young man throwing himself away. She pitied her dear friend, Lady Vere, she must say, from the very bottom of her heart. She had reason to know, if he had chosen *otherwise* (looking expressively at her Laura), Lady Vere would have been delighted!" and Colonel Vere's face flushed a ruddy crimson as his quick ear detected these asides, and he hurriedly called for *music*. Ned, always ready, always good-tempered, complied with Mrs. Trelawny's request, and sang—

## THE MITHER'S CONSENT.

Ance I was young as thee, Annie,  
 Ance bonnie bloomed my cheek ;  
 I felt the wiles o' luve, Annie,  
 I heard, but couldna' speak.

Could I then say thee nay, Annie,  
 Could I sae wound thy heart ;  
 Could I sae blight thy luve, Annie,  
 'Twad be nae mither's part !

I'll see him wi' thine eyes, Annie,  
 I'll prize him for thy sake,  
 I'll smile upon thy bridal, Annie,  
 Tho' my heart be nigh to break !

May thy lot be like to mine, Annie,  
 As tender and as true ;  
 As thy fayther was to me, Annie,  
 May your Donald be to you !

I'll gang wi' you, my ain Annie,  
 I'll share in a' your glee,  
 And your Donald shall be dear, Annie,  
 As a true born son to me !

Then dinna say him nay, Annie,  
 Gie, gie him a' your heart !  
 In sorrow as in weal, Annie,  
 Play, play your faithful part.

The effect of the music would have been perfect had not Eustace Thurlow throughout perpetually pulled Capt. Conyers by the coat-tails, demanding whether he couldn't sing something "jollier than that."

Good-nights were exchanged more warmly than usual ; for the next day would see the dispersal of those who had now tarried for some time together, and *who* could say when or where they might meet again.

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(*To be continued.*)

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## THE CHRISTMAS ROSE.

BY SIR LANCELOT CHARLES LEE BRENTON, BART.\*

[By a pleasing coincidence *Verstrum Album*, a plant yielding a most soothing medicine, is called the *Christmas Rose*.]

THERE is a Flower, all flowers above—  
 Unlike the flowers of earth,  
 It tells a mystery of love—  
 A flower of heavenly birth.

It blows not when the summer sun  
 Has bathed the world in light,  
 But ever seeks its race to run  
 In winter and in night.

It blows when storms have swept the skies,  
 When streams forget to flow,  
 When fair, broad fields all hidden lie  
 Beneath a robe of snow.

Fair Flower, in thee my Lord I see,  
 In thee I love to trace  
 His undiminished love to me,  
 His beauty and His grace!

When sin its bloody ploughshare drove  
 Across my quivering breast,  
 The soft white leaves a covering wove,  
 And soothed my soul to rest.

When all around is dark and drear,  
 And summer flowers depart,  
 Then is the time thou com'st to cheer,  
 The winter of the heart.

Whate'er bright summer tints are given,  
 To garnish flower or tree,  
 While JESU lives and loves in Heaven,  
 The Christmas Rose for me!

\* Dictated a few days before his death.

## MODERN EMPIRICS.

BY JOHN PLUMMER.

It is seldom that skilled professional assistance can be more readily or cheaply procured by those belonging to the poorer classes, than in the neighbourhood of the great Metropolis. Yet it is an ascertained fact that, notwithstanding the immensity of its medical resources and the number of the hospitals, dispensaries, asylums, infirmaries, and kindred establishments which are to be found within its boundaries, in no other place does the modern empiric so unblushingly and audaciously disport himself at the cost of his miserable dupes. Many are the medical men who have given freely of their time, advice, and medicaments to those who needed them, and afterwards undergone the bitter mortification of beholding their kindnesses neglected, and even despised, at the bidding of a pretentious but ignorant quack. In spite of the repeated exposures of medical pretenders and of their vaunted specifics, large numbers of the labouring classes yet resort to these men, and obstinately refuse to avail themselves of the real skill and experience which are placed at their disposal. Not until the expensive, dangerous, and useless medicines which have been patented by these modern charlatans have been tried without avail, will the poor, gullible creatures listen to the dictates of common-sense and turn a deaf ear to the designing impostors, whose plausible tones and fine-sounding words had obtained their misplaced confidence. Whenever we behold the flaming advertisements which inform a too frequently credulous public of the wonderful but mythical cures effected by the use of some queer-named pill or ointment, we mentally wish that the pillory could be revived for the benefit of the tricksters who build their fortunes on the ignorance and gullibility of their poorer brothers and sisters.

Most medical men whose practice brings them frequently in contact with the poorer classes of our large neighbourhoods, are painfully aware of the general reluctance with which they are summoned in the first stages of disease, of the apathy with which their advice is received, and of the readiness with which their professional skill is dispensed with, for the purpose of giving a sly and cunning character the chance of obtaining credit for an amount of skill and knowledge which he never possessed. Despite the repeated cautions of the press, the people continue to patronize the pills, ointments, balms, cordials, and elixirs of speculative quacks, or, worse still, the vampire aid of the pretended disciples of *Æsculapius*, who obtain their living by taking advantage of the ignorance and credulity of their miserable dupes.

But for an occasional lifting of the curtain, as in a few recent police-reports, the general public would remain unaware of the extent to which the social ulcer has eaten its way into the inner life of the working man.

Deterred by the fear of expense in some cases ; and by prejudice in others ; many of our working people refuse regular medical aid until its successful application becomes almost an impossibility ; and even then, it is only tolerated at the last extremity. This feeling is greatly encouraged by a large class of persons, who, under the title of "Medical Botanists," "Rational Practitioners," and sometimes no designation at all, exercise a powerful influence over the minds of those who become their credulous hearers. Many of these so-called medical "Professors," know no more of surgery, or of medical treatment, than working the mortar and pestle ; yet by dint of vaunting their alleged specifics, adducing fabulous cures in support of their views, and exercising an inconceivable amount of effrontery and reserve, they enjoy a considerable share of practice. They visit their patients day after day, and, where they have the chance, will remain for several hours, ostensibly for the purpose of watching the effects of their medicines, but in reality to obtain sumptuous refreshments at the cost of the patient's family.

No matter that the children's clothes go to the pawnbroker—no matter that the old family Bible is sold—no matter that the worn wedding ring is, after many bitter tears, parted with—these infamous harpies suck up everything ; and then, when nothing is left or when the patience of their victims becomes exhausted, they coolly take their leave, and the regular medical man is called in, but too late to save the patient, who dies, nominally under the care of the professional man, but in reality from the atrocious conduct of the scheming and unprincipled quack.

This is a serious evil, which despite every attempt made to remove it, continually gains fresh strength, and apparently defies the utmost efforts of its opponents. Much of it may be traced to the pernicious influence of the millions of circulars, hand-bills, pamphlets, and other advertising mediums of the proprietors of quack medicines, which are scattered broadcast throughout the land. To create a prejudice against the medical profession, is to aid the cause of quackery. They know this, and their pamphlets are so artfully contrived, so speciously reasoned, and the self-esteem of their readers so carefully pandered to, that they have found thousands of disciples, who firmly believe that to call in the assistance of a professional man is to place themselves in the hands of a murderer. This is indeed a melancholy fact, but it is to be hoped that, before long, a remedy will be devised for the purpose of removing one of the real stumbling blocks in the way of our social progress ; at any rate, it is an open question for the consideration of some independent Member of Parliament.



## ROUNABOUT LETTERS

ON

### STRATFORD-ON-AVON.—No. 1.

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TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROSE, THE SHAMROCK, AND THE THISTLE.

DEAR MADAM,—I fear that you may have thought me negligent at least, if not discourteous, in not having at an earlier period responded to your kind and flattering invitation to write another prose—I wonder you did not, as you might, have spelt the word with a *y* instead of an *e*—article for your excellent journal. The delay has not arisen either from disinclination or from a want of the sense of the honour you do me in wishing to continue me on the staff of your contributors, but really and truly, because I have so many irons in the fire, I am compelled to place some of them upon the hob. Please do not fancy that I venture to enter into this explanation in an egotistical spirit. Without some such kind of apology, I should hardly have the impertinence to intrude these hastily penned lines, albeit they may not make more than two or three pages, amidst papers more carefully written.

No! the inclination certainly has not been wanting. Proud indeed should I be, if I thought I could assist in the most trifling way the excellent objects you have in view, believing them to be amongst the most important desiderata of the age, and that their accomplishment will still further elevate the *general character* of the sex, which, excluding of course individual examples, I regard as higher than that of “the lords of the creation,” in those great qualities of the heart that are of so much more importance than those of the head. Moreover, being a bit of an “old woman” myself, hence may arise a portion of this sympathy; and I have the privilege at least in respect to name, for, owing to never, in any sort of weather, being seen without an umbrella, I pass amongst most of my friends under the name of Mrs. Gamp. I am by no means sure that there is not another *soubriquet* hardly more polite. At all events, the other day, passing near Queen’s Elm, a spot near here, where until lately stood a tree which once sheltered Queen Elizabeth in a thunder storm, I give you my word and honour, I heard some one allude to “Old Gingham,” and I felt satisfied that I was “the party” alluded to. But, after all, what does it matter? As the old sailor said of his wife who was pummelling him, “It pleases *she*, and it doesn’t hurt *I*,” and in this respect my idiosyncrasy differs entirely from that of Mr. Pickwick, who went on a fool’s errand to Ipswich because Jingle called him Old Fireworks! I don’t mean to say that in actual fact Mr. Pickwick did not go to expose

the deceptions of Jingle, or to insinuate that he did not accomplish his object, but what I do mean to insist upon is that if Jingle had not called the gentleman Old Fireworks, Pickwick would never have started on the expedition ; and this interpretation I believe will be corroborated by any careful and unprejudiced reader of the narrative.

The umbrella alluded to once got me out of a scrape. I had gone up to the city in an omnibus, but found I had no change when I reached my destination. This was of no consequence, the conductor knowing me, and not caring as suggested to go for change, for I knew I had a few sovereigns in my other waistcoat pocket. A few hours' reading at the Guildhall over, I went and had my dinner—not an extravagant one, merely a steak with oyster sauce, and a few glasses of sherry. It was not until the bill was presented that I found, to my horror, that I had changed my waistcoat that morning and that I hadn't a single penny-piece in any one of my pockets. The waiter looked dubious, hardly knowing whether to be civil or rude—he didn't like to say anything, but really sometimes *gentlemen* (with an emphasis) did come in and have their dinner for nothing, and they never got their money, and so were obliged to be particular,—and so, etc., going on in the same style, as hotel waiters can do. “Well,” said I, getting up, “my bankers (his look of incredulity was here indescribable) are at the other end of town, and it will take an hour or more to send there, even if the clerks are not all gone away ; but I dare say I shall find some friend at home in this neighbourhood, and, in the meantime, if you are afraid to trust me for the trifling amount of the bill, I can leave you as a security—*my umbrella* ;” therewith presenting him with the article in question. Still doubting, he nevertheless accepted the pledge, but the moment he had had time to look at it—an old gingham bulging out in the middle, and I suppose not worth a shilling excepting when viewed with my own eyes of affection—he thought the affair such a capital joke, his hesitation at the character of my social position was effaced in merriment, and I was permitted to depart without a separation from my companion.

My gingham is specially serviceable at dear old Stratford-on-Avon, where it rains almost as frequently as at the Land's End, and, curiously enough for so inland a town, the climate seems to me to partake of a character very similar to that of Western Cornwall, excepting that it is even more relaxing, and would be unbearable without a great deal of atmospheric moisture. Notwithstanding this, it is decidedly healthy, and, were the drainage and water supply more perfect, there is no reason why it should not become one of the healthiest towns in England. Fashionable people always choose the worst localities. In London they live on a swamp, and they rush, when invalids, to Egypt, where the violent alternations of temperature consign more than one half of them to a certain death. Were it otherwise, the Stratford Spa would long ere this have become the nucleus of one of the most charming watering-places in the kingdom. Personally, I am glad it is as it is, and that we can

enjoy a little longer the rurality of the neighbourhood ; but such is the quiet yet enchanting scenery of the locality, an accident may at any moment result in Stratford becoming an important centre of an important neighbourhood.

It is a great mistake to fancy that you must have mountains and water-falls to render scenery enchanting. No one can be fonder of either than myself, but the scenery of the Alps exhausts by the very monotony of its grandeur. There is too much of it—too much snow, too much that tires and wearies the eye. English and Welsh scenery never tires the person really fond of it, but beautiful as are many of our small mountains and mountain streamlets, it must not be forgotten that there are charms in the kind of scenery which surrounds Stratford peculiar to itself, and which should be studied by itself. Because one picture is beautiful, another of a different class, perfect in its own degree, should not be despised. Would *you* exchange the grand scenery of Scotland for the less grand, but more lovely passage of the Rhine? Nature has fitted all scenery in unison with the country and the locality. I do not believe that if the Seven Mountains of the Rhine were removed and set down opposite Mr. Hunt's river garden at Stratford, that we should like half so well that beautiful scene—how lovely no one who has not witnessed it can tell—when, from the terrace of that garden, at early dawn are seen the first rays of the sun on the Avon so softly flowing towards that sacred edifice which may be safely designated the most beautiful church in the world ; for it passes imagination to believe that a form so perfectly appealing to every sense in unison with its sacred character, reposing in a spot which may be thought to have been made for it, and not it for the spot, can exist elsewhere.

There is hardly a spot in or near Stratford whence the surpassing elegance of this structure, and its marvellous adaptability to its locality, cannot be perceived. It is in every way unique. There are cathedrals which are grander and churches that are larger, but where did we ever find one where every view, every entrance leading to that view, impressed us so strongly with the existence of a kind of sacred poetical character, as if all the genius of the middle-ages had been centred in one object of perfection?

There is no power in my pen adequately to describe this wondrous effort of man's genius. Let us pass on to those favourite spots, the Mill Bridge and the Cross-on-the-Hill, on that way out of Stratford which the late Mr. R. B. Wheler, the able and respected local historian, used so fondly to speak of as the *only* walk out of the town, meaning thereby, the one surpassing all others in its own picturesque accompaniments. That quaint old Mill Bridge, in form the same as that existing in Shakespeare's time, is to my mind one of the most suggestive objects of ancient Stratford. A power to have an undisturbed reverie there is pretty well a match for any of the ordinary troubles of life. Pray look at it—think of it—turn towards the Wier Brake, and then turn round

and again look at it. You will feel, if you have but a wee bit of sentiment, how completely you here realize a fragment of the country haunts of the Poet of Nature. I am told that a screaming railway engine may ere long rush through this gem of Stratford, and destroy its beauty for ever. Let us hope that wiser counsels may prevail. Stratford seems ever to be on the point of forgetting that its associations belong and are endeared to the whole human race—that its ancient landmarks, its Shakespearian landmarks, are not to be carelessly sacrificed. This of all others should aspire to something far beyond that of holding a station amongst the smaller provincial towns of England. It is, and ever must be, unique in the abiding literary interest attached to it. It is not only the most interesting town in England; it is the most interesting of all towns in any of the quarters of the world—Asia of course excepted.

This may seem to some like a little bit of rhapsody, but it is only a sentiment a little, a very little, in advance of the world's opinions. It is not sixty years ago since the poet's birth-place in Henley Street was sold with very great difficulty, and after many months' negociation, for something like £250. I have recently seen a letter in which the mortgagee of the premises did not consider his interests in the small sum of £150 secure. *In less than fifty years that identical property sold for three thousand pounds!* So, in our day, some people laughed at the sentiment and still more at the price which secured Shakespeare's Gardens to the Corporation of Stratford; and they absolutely yelled with floods of ridicule at a scheme which not only proposed this deference to the memory of the poet, and to the associations connected with that memory, but even aimed at the preservation of Anne Hathaway's Cottage and Getley's Copyhold, and at the probability, in this wealthy country, of some rich merchant giving the sum of ten thousand pounds to found a Shakespeare Museum and Library. I hold that no one can carry out any public design of magnitude, not only if he does not care for a sprinkling of ridicule and opposition, but unless he rather likes a little of them. The Shakespeare Fund has scarcely had a sufficient opposition to impart to the public the vitality it possesses. A few good, rattling, abusive articles would do wonders.

You must not suppose that Scotland is not to share in this good work. When public affairs brighten, and the distress of the North subsides, the Shakespeare Fund will appeal to Scotland in the full hope of a liberal assistance—an assistance worthy of that great country. That distinguished dramatist, and my respected friend, Mr. Robert Bell, tells me that he is, before very long, to lecture at Edinburgh on Shakespearian matters, and that he intends to advocate the claims of the Fund, without, of course, asking for subscriptions. My kind friend, Mr. W. Euing, the well-known public-spirited merchant of Glasgow, also will assist in the work in that princely city when the times are favourable to the attempt. When I named Mr. Bell, I said, "of course, without asking for subscriptions;" for the friends of the Shakespeare Fund do not intend intruding

on the public in public meetings or by any organized system of solicitation for donations.

The great object of all voluntary subscription solicitors should be to render all subscriptions received in the most perfect sense—*voluntary*. Any system, no matter how good the object in view, which involves a sort of neighbourly reciprocity, which seems to say to Mr. Smith, he ought to give as much as Mr. Brown, is vicious in principle. Let a person receive any number of circulars you care to send. He can please himself whether he responds to them, or throws them behind the fire.

At the same time, I have never any hesitation in boring people of *very large* wealth for subscriptions for public objects, provided of course I am not in any way personally interested in the subscription list. It is always better, if you can, to get a small number of large sums, than a large number of small ones; and anything like a "house to house" subscription for purposes of literary sentiment would be literally inexcusable. If people of wealth fancy the subject, and put down their money—it is delightful and famous; if they are very rich, and pay their money simply because they are bored, or to avoid being bored any further—well, even that is not so bad, and the work done is good. But one has no right to assume the existence of one's own enthusiasm in another; still less to ignore the fact that so many every year wisely intrench their expenditure, a step which necessarily excludes even the smallest subscriptions for objects not strictly charitable.

In the case of the Shakespeare Fund, one chiefly of literary sentiment, no person in the world need be at the trouble of framing an excuse for non-subscription. Let any such follow the example of a worthy M.P., who wrote to say he did not care a farthing about Shakespeare's garden, (if he had said *jarden*, he would have been writing rhyme), and evidently neither knew nor cared whether the Poet ever had a garden, ever went into the great garden "where turnips and cabbages and all those sort of things grew;" or whether New Place was situated in Chapel Street, or, like the residence of the eminent rat-catcher, "on the *other* side of the *vater*." We shall no doubt get on very well without these indifferents, but it would be childish in degree to complain of them. As the Archbishop of Toledo said to Gil Blas, "I wish you all manner of luck, *with a little more taste*."

I find I headed this note to be about Stratford-on-Avon. It has run discursively into kindred matters, and I must reserve what more I have to say for future letters, which will be short at least, if not sweet. At Stratford, also, is preserved a volume on your country, interesting, unpublished, and unknown. Perhaps some day I can thus send you something about yourselves in the last century.

J. O. HALLIWELL.

## BALSALL TEMPLE.

BY J. A. LANGFORD.

WE confess to the weakness of patriotism. We have an intense love for our own country, and a fervent faith that it is, all things considered, the greatest, noblest, freest, in the world. We devoutly repeat the lines of the great poet, more times in a year than we care to confess ; and in our various rambles are often gazed at by the astonished and wondering rustic, as we declaim those grand and immortal words :

“ This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,  
 This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,  
 This other Eden, demi-paradise ;  
 This fortress, built by nature for herself,  
 Against infection, and the hand of war :  
 This happy breed of men, this little world,  
 This precious stone set in the silver sea,  
 Which serves it in the office of a wall,  
 Or as a moat defensive to a house,  
 Against the envy of less happier lands :  
 This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,  
 This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,  
 Fear'd by their breed, and famous by their birth,  
 Renowned for their deeds as far from home  
 (For Christian service, and true chivalry)  
 As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry,  
 Of the world's Ransom, blessed Mary's Son.”

Times unnumbered have we made the “ hills resound, and the valleys ring again,” with this confession of faith, and cheered many a journey with the splendid unison of these lines.

Nor do we stop here, although in these days of cosmopolitanism, and widely-scattered charity, it is dangerous to avow it. Still it is our faith, and we hold to it. Our patriotism is not only national, it is local also. A man's county, nay the village or hamlet in which he was born, should be the prettiest village, the noblest town, and the finest county in the land. We said it should be : we believe it is. A man may boast himself a citizen of the world, and own to no parish ; may declaim against the narrowness of that philosophy which would limit his right to break all the natural bonds of home, and parentage, and locality ; he may scorn, and break his “ birth's invidious bars,” and win the wonder, the admiration, or the curses of the multitude ; but whence the phenomena that every man, no matter how much he may



have been a wanderer in his life, hungers and thirsts to return to his birth-place to die?

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,  
That never to himself has said,  
This is my own, my native land?"

And it is not only the Swiss who die through hearing the *Ranz des vaches*. The *Thalatta ! thalatta !* of the Greeks, was a cry which Englishmen will fully appreciate ; for the transport which the sight of the ever-laughing ocean gave to these generous hearts has been felt by most of the salt-water loving people of Albion. Thus it is our firm faith that an Englishman is the man most to be envied of all the peoples in the world. It is also our faith that as England is the country of countries, so is Warwickshire the county of counties ; and that a Warwickshire man is the most to be envied of all Englishmen. What scenery is so richly and purely sylvan ? what lanes so full of flowers, so thickly crowded with plants, so picturesquely winding ? what meadows so profusely decked with "daisies pied and lady-smocks all silver white ?" And what lads so brave, and lassies so fair, and so renowned in song ? And above all, and placing it on the highest pinnacle of fame, what other county, nay, what other land can boast, as Warwickshire can boast, the eternal honour and glory of being the county, containing the little town, in which the poet of poets—our own, and every land's darling—William Skakespeare was born ? And in no county besides could he have been more appropriately born, than in

"That Shire which we the heart of England well may call."

Let no Warwickshire man ever blush for his local patriotism, nor ever be shamed out of his belief in its supreme and over-abounding glory ; for the Father of all has set his seal upon its forehead by dowering it with the memory of the immortal poet. Moved by this feeling we burst into verse and sing :

Oh ! sylvan glades of Warwickshire,  
No others with you vie ;  
Like Beauty's favourite nurslings, ye  
In graceful clusters lie.  
No raging rivers roll along ;  
No towering mountains rise ;  
But pleasant meads and flowery leas  
Smile under happy skies.

Tree-shaded, lover-haunted lanes,  
For blissful strolls are thine ;  
And crocus-crowded meadows where  
Repose full-uddered kine.  
And Heaven her most golden gifts  
Upon thy bosom rains ;  
With changes rich of light and shade  
Each breeze paints thy plains.

Melodious copses fill the air  
 With spirit-cheering sound ;  
 For every bird with song endowed  
 Is in thy borders found.  
 The nightingale makes glad the night,  
 The lark makes glad the day,  
 The linnet pipes his gayest tune,  
 The thrush his blithest lay.

“ At Heaven’s gate,” on bank, and branch  
 The mingled strains resound ;  
 And rippling streamlets bubbling sing  
 Along the pebbly ground.  
 All forms of grace and loveliness,  
 All sounds that pleasant are ;  
 My sylvan-dowered county, thou,  
 Can’st boast beyond compare.

Thou art the Prince of Shires : for thine  
 Is Avon’s famous stream,  
 Where Shakespeare spent his early days  
 And dreamt his brightest dream.  
 No river that the world can boast  
 Has honoured been like thee ;  
 No river crowned as thou art crowned  
 Flows onward to the sea.

Oh ! sylvan-glades of Warwickshire,  
 Oh ! flowery fields and dales,  
 Thine are the richest meadow lands,  
 And thine the sweetest gales.  
 Our England is a famous isle,  
 Can famous counties name ;  
 But Warwickshire above them all  
 Stands in the roll of fame !

With this natural and truthful vindication of local patriotism, and this statement of our reasons for holding our own, we will take our readers along with us to one more of Warwickshire’s many places of interest and beauty ; and if they please, will guide them to a shrine rich in ancient memories and long-departed glories, the well-known and famous Balsall Temple. From Birmingham it is only a walk of a little more than eleven miles ; but those who prefer it can proceed by rail to Knowle, from which place it is distant not quite two miles. We who like walking best, and only ride to escape either an over-familiar ramble, or a noisy town, or because time and necessity compel, ride only as far as Acock’s Green : whence, through pleasant lanes, tree-shaded roads, richly-cultured fields, or pleasant and picturesque bye-paths—stopping ever and anon to enjoy the luscious Warwickshire blackberry, as some exceedingly fine ones perpetually tempt us to linger and eat—we wander joyfully and slowly on through the clean and pleasant town of Solihull, with its splendidly-spired church ; through the ancient, quiet village of Knowle, whose old and recently-restored church is well worth a visit to

itself; and, after two or three hours' rambling, reach the object of our day's ramble, the once-renowned and famous Temple at Balsall: and a very pleasant, graceful, and interesting object it is to look at, one at which you will look a long time and not be wearied. While you are thus pleasantly employed we will tell you something about its history.

"Balsall Temple," the old chronicle informs us, "is a township, chapelry, and considerably scattered village, four and a half miles south-east by east from Solihull, and includes the hamlets of Arndwick, or Bedlam's End, Balsall Common, Balsall Street, Fern End, Mear End, and Wootten Green, and contains 2265 acres of land. It was given by Rodger de Mowbray to the Knights Templars, in the time of Richard II. who erected a church here and a Preceptory. In the reign of Edward II., this fraternity was dissolved, and their possessions were given to the Knights Hospitallers, who retained them until the dissolution. Queen Elizabeth granted the manor to her favourite Dudley, whose granddaughter, Lady Catherine Leveson, gave it by will for the purpose of founding an hospital for indigent females, and so well has the institution flourished, that its present income is over £1500 per annum. The ancient Hall, a Refectory of the Templars, stands near the church, and, though formerly a magnificent apartment, presents now, surrounded as it is by brickwork, the appearance of a large barn; it was originally formed wholly of timber, and divided by large wooden pillars into three aisles. The church dedicated to St. Mary, remains nearly as built by the Templars, without any division into aisles. The chancel is only separated from the body of the church by a raised floor of three steps, and in the north side are three stone seats within a canopied recess, and a small niche."

The church has recently been restored; restored with that real reverence for the past, and that true conscientiousness which are now happily being employed in such worthy labours. It stands now, in all respects, as we know it left the hands of its original builders. Its oriel and painted windows with their delicate stone tracery and mullions, are beautiful to behold; its light and pretty pinnacles, its richly-stained windows, and its general aspect of grace and beauty will excite the admiration of all who visit it. It is not large, grand, noble, or imposing, but it is a pretty church; and is furthermore the exact type of those erected by that renowned, half-religious, half-military order of knights, whose history is such a curious and romantic page in the annals of most Christian countries.

The once "magnificent apartment" the Refectory does not only look like a "barn," but, at the time of our visit, was tenanted by people who seemed the fit occupants of a barn, and were sadly out of place in a room associated with any good and noble memories. A carpenter and his family resided in one portion of the building and used the other as a workshop. The father was an old man, and one from whose looks we had hoped better things. In a kind, courteous, and friendly manner we

put a few questions to him evincing our deep interest in the church and all that concerned it. We could, however, elicit nothing from the maker of shavings but monosyllabic grunts of "no," "don't know," "can't say," "never heard of it," and so on. He either knew nothing, or wouldn't know anything; and we turned away from almost the only specimen of such rugged and morose humanity our many rambles have brought us in contact with, in a state of feeling which may be better imagined than described—and cannot be imagined. We certainly should have found a relief in letting the old curmudgen know a bit of our minds, but we refrained; and instead of letting our passion get the better of our discretion, we quietly walked about the exterior of the building, and, putting a few fancies into our knowledge of what such a place was likely to have been, we managed to see it "in our mind's eye" in all its ancient glory and magnificence.

From the "barn" and its ungracious occupants, we turned our steps towards the hospital. We chatted with several neat, clean, bright-eyed, and pretty-looking children on our way; and had any feeling of irritation remained these gentle ministrants would have produced the rest and peace requisite to enable one to visit properly this noble monument of Christian charity and benevolence.

We have made, from the authoritative record, the following abstract of the history of this gift to God. It appears that, by a codicil to her will, in 1760, Lady Catherine Leveson, of Trentham, in the county of Stafford, "devised the manor of Balsall, *alias* Temple Balsall, with all the lands, tenements, and privileges, whatsoever, to the Hon. Richard Newport and eleven others, their heirs and assigns, for ever, upon trust to erect an hospital." This hospital was for twenty poor persons being widows, or poor women not married. Each person was to receive the sum of eight pounds per annum; and also a minister twenty pounds per annum to read the Scriptures and pray twice a day with these poor folk. An overseer and receiver of rents was to be appointed at ten pounds a year; and after all the necessary expenses of keeping the houses in repair had been paid, the surplus, if any, was to be divided among the inmates. She also desired that the minister should teach twenty poor boys of Balsall and the parish. This was incorporated in the first year of Queen Anne. By this incorporation it was ordered that each poor woman should receive three shillings a week, and one shilling extra in the last week of each quarter. "From 1784, each received an additional sum of ninepence per week, which, in the year 1826, was increased to one shilling and sixpence; making the weekly payment together, a yearly sum of £469, 10s. They also received each, at Christmas, £2, since 1708; and a further sum of £1, 15s. from the year 1777." To this has to be added an allowance of two sixpenny loaves each per week, and thirty hundred of coals, and a woollen gown a year, together with milk from a cow which is kept for that purpose. There is a resident matron who has £40 a year; and a nurse who has the same weekly pay as the

poor women, with an addition of £10 a year. The master, who reads prayers twice a day in the school room has £70 a year; and an assistant master resides in the hospital, receives £30 a year, and teaches the school, which is open to all the poor children of Balsall. Such is the admirable charity founded by the Lady Catherine Leveson, which throws a brighter halo round the place than even that conferred by the fine old Church of the Templars.

We walked for some time about the nicely kept quadrangle, and admired the neatness and cleanliness of all the arrangements, and also the air of content and peace which was unmistakable in the faces of all the gray-haired, matronly occupants we saw. We had a chat with one, and found her cheerful and communicative. She showed us her little apartments, and exhibited her few articles of comfort with a pride and joy which made it pleasant to listen to her garrulity. She gave us a curious insight into the motives which sometimes induce important acts of a person's life, by telling us that one of the reasons why she consented to marry her "goodman," who had now been dead for many years, was, that in case he should die first, she would be enabled to claim a resting-place and provision for her old age in Lady Leveson's Hospital.

We at last reluctantly left the place of charity, and turned our faces towards Balsall Street, where we meant to have tea, and thence walk on to Knowle Station. It was a splendid walk. From Balsall Temple the best road to Balsall Street is across the fields. This of course was the one we took, for we make it a rule never to take a turnpike road when we can have a field. But let all who take this ramble have a map, or a companion who knows the way, for he will rarely meet with any one who can give him the necessary information. From the few labourers who were ploughing and harrowing we gathered some curious facts respecting countrymen's notions of distance. On our first inquiry we found that we were about two miles from the nearest public-house; after walking more than half a mile, a second inquiry brought us to within four miles of one, and we began seriously to calculate the distance we should be from one at the end of an hour's trudging. A third inquiry, however, made some twenty minutes later, brought us within three-quarters of a mile, while another five minutes afterwards informed us that "it wor a mile and hawff awf," and a final, made ten minutes later, relieved us with the welcome and gratifying news, that it "wor on'y about four closes awf;" which curiously and luckily proved to be true. It need not be added that after some eight hours' fasting—with the exception of the "fragrant pipe"—and as many hours' good walking, that we did ample justice to our meal. Having satisfied the demands of nature, we again set out, had a most delightful early-night walk; reached Knowle Station in time for the train, and got home fully satisfied with our visit to Balsall Temple.

## GOING HOME

BY J. C. TILDESLEY.

In the hush'd and darken'd chamber,  
 Beat a heart with anguish wild,  
 Sat a mother crush'd with sorrow,  
 Watching o'er her dying child !

Gazed she at its pallid features,  
 Radiant once with health, and joy,  
 Prayed she, "Spare my little floweret,  
 O my God ! it must not die !"

As her cherub calmly slumber'd,  
 Beamed its face with joyous gleam,  
 But her tears of love awoke it,  
 From its bright and blissful dream ;

And it spake in feeble accents,  
 "Mother ! weep not ; but rejoice.  
 Hark ! O hark ! the Saviour calls me,  
 Must I not obey His voice ?

"While you wept those tears of sorrow,  
 I was lost in rapturous sight,  
 For the gate of Heaven was open'd,  
 And I saw that land of light ;

"This world all seem'd dark and joyless,  
 But that world was bright and fair,  
 And a voice of kindness whisper'd,  
 'Come, dear Ettie ; stay not there !'

"There were groups of little children  
 Clad in robes as white as snow,  
 And they beckon'd me to join them ;  
 O, I cannot choose but go !

"So, good night, my dearest mother,  
 Let me press your hand once more,  
 Let me kiss away those tear-drops,  
 Ere I go to that bright shore !

"You will follow, won't you, mother ?  
 I shall meet you when you come ;  
 Weep no more for little Ettie,  
 Sing ! for I am going home !"

\* \* \*

Sat that mother, crush'd with sorrow,  
 In the hush'd and darken'd room,  
 But her loved one's voice was singing,  
 In yon bright and blissful Home !



## The Lady's Literary Circular

A REVIEW OF BOOKS CHIEFLY WRITTEN BY WOMEN.

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THE FAMILY AT THE LEA. A Tale of Home. Two Volumes. (Saunders, Otley, & Co.)

THE working classes are well worked by a legion of friends : for the unwashed there is the spring water of "The Pure Literature Society ;" but why will not some philanthropist set about establishing the "Lettered-Ease Association," of which the mission would be to furnish reading for the classes who weary of the day in their Castles of Indolence ? Until such an association is in vigorous operation, the fashionable novel will continue the popular resource of those whose leisure craves food and excitement ; and, as a consequence of such demand, "Families at the Lea" will be in their places of honour in boudoir and drawing-room. This tale of home is very well told ; it refers to the domestic rather than the social life of the titled class and evidently is written by one who narrates her own sentiments and experience. That the novel is the work of a lady there are several attesting paragraphs, which only a lady would have set down, trifles that would escape the grosser sense of masculine vision and observation. The book is all the better for these minute touches ; they grace the narrative, as do charms and bijou ornaments a pretty woman, giving likeness and individuality to the wearer. The sentiment occasionally is strained and extravagant.

The following passage refers to the time a certain young sailor is at home with the ladies : "Those days are graven upon my heart so vividly and deeply, that the recollection of them will exist, I am persuaded, and extend over the *measureless depths of Eternity*." And again the impressions of a ball are scored "with an iron pen on the soul." And yet this is a good and interesting novel ; it is more genuine than most works of the same class, for the scenes, places, and people described are the scenes, places, and people the authoress knows and lives amongst.

In explanation of the title, we may state that the LEA is a country family mansion in which lives the widowed father of Alice, heiress to the old estate. The book is written in the form of her autobiography, and includes the happiest portion of her life. To make the dreary country-house cheerful, a cousin of the heiress, Laura, a very beautiful and

captivating girl, with her aunt, Mrs. Woodford, come to at live the Lea. The sketch of the aunt's character is the best in the volume. She loves Church and State, devotes her energies to the poor of the parish, and as the lady coadjutor of the Rector holds the Dissenting Minister in great horror and mortal dislike. She is a good woman and does good with all her might, and lends interest to every chapter in which she appears. Both girls have lovers, and the story ends uncomfortably, but not unnaturally. Writers too often, in the wish to reward virtue, miss the probabilities of real life. In the "Family at the Lea," Laura, the heroine, dies, and Alice loses her lover; he being treacherously killed by some natives on the African coast, whilst paying them an official and friendly visit. This fate is painful, but is it an unlikely one? In connection with the death of Alice is an episode which we extract for its originality. Her lover, Sir Francis Dorrington, now a wealthy man through successive and unexpected deaths, had, whilst a poor clergyman, won the affections of a rich plebeian manufacturer. With a change of fortune he withdraws his attentions from Miss Ransome and transfers them to the delicate beauty, Alice Beresford. Ultimately, being accepted, he is in company with his last love, when he meets the lady, now half mad, whom he has slighted, and she (woman in her madness!) takes up a large stone and hurls it at Sir Francis; but it strikes the delicate Alice in the chest, and she from fright and the bruise sinks into the decline which had always been overshadowing her future. In connection with her death, the lovers of the supernatural have an authentic account of the vision which warned her of her own and her father's fate. Through the novel runs a double story, and as, beside the principal characters, there is the family at Glistonbury Castle and other friends, the canvas is well filled with drawing-room portraits, in which if there be no deep shadows or strong lights, there is, what is truer, the smooth likeness of the original characters. The drawing of the women is much better than the men, a distinction which universally marks the works of a female pen; notwithstanding this, the LEA is a pleasant place, and the family there an interesting one, with which readers will be glad to make an acquaintance.

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HALF HOURS WITH THE BIBLE; or The Children's Scripture Story Book.  
By the Author of "Happy Sundays." (Ward and Lock.)

THE striking and pictorial scenes of the Old and the New Testament have furnished the author with a narrative that, told in simple language, will arrest a child's attention equally with the most cleverly devised story book; for what fiction is more likely to take its fancy than the description of Adam and Eve in the garden of Paradise, or of Noah building the Ark into which troop and crawl or fly, in pairs, every living thing? The author states in his preface that he has always employed, when possible, the *Bible words*, and in doing this, as there are 75 per cent.

of Saxon words in our translation of the Bible, we can speak of the force and simplicity of the text throughout. "Half Hours with the Bible" will be of great service to mothers and elder sisters, to help them to teach children Scripture history. The whole book is divided into chapters, each of which, with the running commentary all children desire, will only occupy half an hour as a single reading; and this arrangement is such as will be found easy and practicable, and not likely to tire the little listeners, a point which should always be studied in books written for children. The author has done his part satisfactorily; he has composed what should be a useful and popular volume; but we are not able to speak in the same language of the numerous engravings which come on every second or third page. Indeed, if we except some dozen out of the one hundred and fifty within the book, we must say the rest are a disgrace to the present art of engraving, and to the house which publishes them. Perhaps in excuse some will say that children are not judges of art and are satisfied with the roughest pictures: so far this answer is true; children are pleased with the most outrageous cuts; yet, they would be equally pleased, and their taste educated, by such wood-engravings as now have become almost universal in their excellence. Fifty instead of one hundred and fifty engravings would have been sufficient to illustrate a work of this size, and had these been only equal in execution to the text they ought to embellish, we could have unreservedly commended "Half Hours with the Bible."

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TALES FROM THE OPERAS. By G. F. PARDON. (Lacy.)

THE present popularity of English Opera and the large audiences that nightly throng Covent Garden Theatre, bring to the surface a volume that has been published now some time. To the many who visit the Opera, willing to trust to their eyes for the spectacle and to their ears for the music, without the help of score and books of words, this publication will be of much service. It gives the plots of twenty-one of the most popular Operas, which are introduced in the form of stories. Of each Opera a Story is made, and the characters, incidents, and situations narrated. The author has performed his task with tolerable success, and as the volume is issued for a couple of shillings, the reader who shall go through these twenty-one stories will have prepared himself to enjoy the Opera he goes to hear, as far as a knowledge of its plots will help him to enjoy its music and scenery.

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MIRACLES OF NATURE AND MARVELS OF ART. (Dean & Son.)

AMONG gift books this volume is one that many ingenious boys would choose, for it has the interest which most of them feel in mechanical wonders, and the descriptions of these give a value to the volume

beyond that of simply entertaining young readers ; they instruct them at the same time. The Miracles of Nature described are the Mountains in the Moon, from telescopic observation ; other peculiar mountains ; the Giant's Causeway, and various celebrated Caves and Grottos. Art Marvels include Steam Engines, Telegraphs, Electric Clocks, the Underground Railway, Egypt's Pyramids, China's Wall, Verona's Amphitheatre, Bridges, Tunnels, Cathedrals, Lighthouses, and other striking triumphs of man's skill and industry, not omitting the Crystal Palace and the Great Exhibition Building. This list speaks for itself, and we should not like the sort of boy who did not care for such attractive subjects. The illustrations are well done, and the text, as it ought to be in a boy's book, tells in a straightforward, simple way what has to be told. In a few words "Miracles of Nature and Marvels of Art" is a gift-book a father would himself choose for his son, and the boy would not be able to choose a work to please himself better of similar price and scope. It is both sensible and entertaining.

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PLAY GRAMMAR. By MISS CORNER.

FROM the same publisher we have received Miss Corner's "Play Grammar." We are happy to find it has reached the *nineteenth* edition, and in truth it is a charming little book with very pretty illustrations, many of them highly humorous, as where the degrees of comparison are shown by three Christmas puddings—one *hot* (smoking), the second *hotter* (smoking more), and the third *hottest* (blazing away like a steam engine) : next three trees are shown, *tall*, *taller*, and *tallest*. Really, there is much wisdom in this Play Grammar ; and out of place as the word may seem, the Play is really a *rollicking* game in which children will be glad to join, and, as they laugh, learn the mysteries of Parts of Speech, which one cute little girl soon discovers to be simply "talking." We did not have a "Play Grammar" in our young days ; we did not laugh over nouns and adjectives at our school, and truly we are half envious of the juveniles of 'sixty-three ; why, *funny*, *funnier*, *funniest*, in this most facetious of books is actually impressed on the young student by broad grins, illustrated by three clowns, and if one could not see which was *funniest* at first glance, even Miss Corner might despair of the child. Such mothers and governesses as wish to see their young charges "merry and wise" should buy this Play Grammar. Its success is genuine because it deserves success.

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PAPA AND MAMMA'S EASY LESSONS IN GEOGRAPHY. By ANNA MARIA SARGEANT.

Is a companion to the above. It has been written on the same plan, and the plan is a good one : the illustrations are as satisfactory as those in the Grammar, in point of answering their purpose, but they never approach the comic humour of *hot*, *hotter*, *hottest*, etc.

## EVERY CHILD'S HISTORY OF FRANCE. By EDWARD FARR.

Is another of the old successful school books which deservedly keep their ground, and for which fresh editions are annually called for. The several chapters clearly relate the leading historical facts, give an account of the people and their rules, and estimate the character of kings and statesmen in good fluent English; and at the end of each chapter are tables of questions to test the reader's attention and understanding.

For yet younger children there is the "HIDE AND SEEK ALPHABET," in which the great capital letters are being dragged away in various directions by the bold boys who attack and master them. The verse describing such feats is as nearly alliterative as possible, with the particular letter printed in larger type. *Tom Tucker Tugged T until Teatime*, etc. etc. The plan is an excellent one to teach a child his letters.

## NURSERY BOOKS. (Dean and Son.)

THE popularity of "*The Three Little Kittens*," has produced a Sequel under the title of their "Death and Burial." The rhythms tell how they went out, were taken ill, and died; and the ready illustrator has shown them comical in their gaiety and distress—he has excelled himself in the fantastic cut of the funeral procession. Of a very much higher and better class is the "*Book of Magic Illustrations*;" this is both new and clever. There are day-pictures of London, its river and bridges—of a Balloon—a Railway Express Train—a Church—a Shipwreck—and a Skating Party. Under each picture is a sensible and well written descriptive verse. But the best has yet to be seen; each of these pictures is, by an ingenious plan, made a transparency; the evening candles are brought in and Paterfamilias becomes a showman with a peep-show, simply by holding the pages up to the light. Then brilliant fireworks come from the balloon, the church is lit up, the railway train is passing a great lighted factory, the skaters are carrying flaming torches, the shipwreck is made terrible by lightning, and all these effects are produced by simple aid of a candle, whilst the young eyes brighten over this transformation scene. Children are perhaps the best critics of Nursery books, and the little Charleys, Clems, Popsies, and other young folks to whom we have submitted this magic book, pronounce it a success, and they never tire of seeing the "snow over again." It will please boys of ten years old, as well as the little girl just able to walk alone from chair to chair.

CASSELL'S POPULAR EDUCATOR. Volume the First. New Edition.  
(Cassell, Petter, & Galpin.)

Is distinguished for excellence and cheapness; two qualities which, when found together, deserve especial notice. The present age is the age of opportunity, and genius has but little chance of remaining "the mute inglorious Milton" of a pre-Chambers-Routledge-Cassell-period, when

books rarely found their way beyond great cities and University libraries. Certainly, a clever lad now a-days, with a taste for reading, may follow his bent in almost any study by laying out a few pence weekly ; but though "the clever ones" have gone on multiplying in proportion to the opportunities afforded them, yet the age is not considered remarkable for the number of those the world is willing to honour as the possessors of genius. Perhaps the Messrs. Chambers, in such publications as their "Information for the People," were the earliest and most successful amongst publishers who had confidence in a low price and the universality, amongst the masses, of a love of knowledge. They now have many followers and rivals, emulous and enterprising, and Mr. Cassell, by the number and success of his publications, may be considered the foremost. Moreover, he superadds to the best writing of established literary and scientific authors the explanatory illustration, which we now expect as a pleasure and a necessity in educational works as well as others.

In this particular the "Popular Educator" is a valuable Encyclopedia of general knowledge, and this first handsome volume contains essays and lessons written by our foremost authorities, on the following branches of science and literature : Ancient History ; Architecture ; Arithmetic ; Biography ; Botany ; The English Language ; French ; Geography ; Geology ; German ; Latin ; Music ; Natural History ; and Physiology ; and certainly a student, in the French, the German, and the Latin, who masters the cleverly-written lessons in this one volume may expect to become a good scholar in each of those languages. The sections of Biography and Natural History are weak, whilst those on Botany and Geology are sufficiently exhaustive of each subject. Any young man who takes up this "Popular Educator," and is willing to read and study diligently its valuable pages, may, without extraordinary capacity or an excessive employment of his leisure, so educate and accomplish his mind that in the company of scholars and gentlemen he will find himself at home—the equal of most of them in knowledge and refinement. And when it is considered this result may be attained for a few shillings and two or three years study, we feel sure that the thousands who are at this moment secretly and stealthily, in leisure winter evenings, ardently striving to improve and instruct themselves, will take heart and go on to the end in a pursuit that gives them many pleasures whilst engaged in it, and, at the same time, promising the lasting enjoyments which belong to a cultivated mind. The illustrations of Architecture, of Music, of German writing, and indeed of each of the subjects treated in the text, serve in the place of the master, to whom generally a scholar can refer, and thus disposes of the last objection against self-instruction. In reality, by the help of the "Popular Educator" and similarly illustrated volumes, self-instruction has no disadvantages which should deter any earnest student. His books and master are now one, both at his service, both courteous and encouraging, both ready to hand to suit his own time. The result rests with the scholar ; master and book are both good.



ROXANA, THE SPANISH MAID. A Tale of Modern Times. (Tweedie.)

Is published at a shilling, and it is dear at that small sum, for the time occupied in reading it is wasted. In it there is a jumble of French, Spanish, and Italian phrases ; but why speak of a work in which the paper and printing are the only two good things between the covers ?

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MADAME DE GASCOIGNE. A Temperance Tale. (Tweedie.)

Is vigorously written in a style often disagreeably abrupt ; its argument is indicated by the following passage : " If the young women of Scotland would unite in one firm resolution, not to marry but temperance men, what a superior race of beings in future years would be ours ! " In " Lunaria Saxafrage," written by the author of the above Temperance Tale, we are told how much good service one earnest girl may do in the social sphere. The story leads the heroine through many of the afflictions and sorrows of life ; in various ranks and in all, from girlhood to age, Lunaria consoles, advises, helps, and prays for her friends. There is not much probability in the story ; but such as it is, the author's aims are likely to please and interest " temperance " readers especially.

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PROCEEDINGS OF THE NATIONAL TEMPERANCE AND PROHIBITION CONVENTION,  
1862. (London, Caldwell, 1863.)

RESPECTING the value of the Temperance movement, as regards the enfranchisement of the working classes from the terrible bane of intemperance which besets them, no sensible person can entertain a doubt ; and whatever may be the opinions entertained concerning the expediency of the doctrines set forth in this volume, it is impossible not to admire the clearness and temperate tone of the arguments employed. The papers furnished by the several speakers contain many sad revelations concerning the social condition of the operative community, and show the necessity for some improved system of public-house licensing. Amongst the lady contributors, Miss Florence Hill and Mrs. Fyson have contributed articles which deserve earnest and thoughtful consideration.

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## Our Orchestra Stall.

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### THE CHRISTMAS PIECES.

THE success of a Pantomime so wholly depends upon its scenery, and particularly its Transformation scene, that giving the name of the legend, on which the piece is founded, is nearly all that is necessary. This we did in our last Number, and we have now only to add that

At *Covent Garden*, "Beauty and the Beast," through Mr. Callcott's pictures and machine effects, is most successful; the house is well attended nightly, and crowded on the morning performances which are given at two o'clock on Wednesdays.

At *Drury Lane*, "Goody Two Shoes and Cock Robin," with the scenery by Messrs. Grieve and Telbin, and a ballet by Mr. Oscar Byrne, is triumphant. The Wednesday's day performance here is also crowded.

The *Princess's* "Prince Riquet" is illustrated by Mr. Beverley; and with its children fairies, etc., success has rewarded the management.

The *Haymarket*, the *Olympic*, the *Adelphi*, and the *Westminster* have all been well attended; and the *Victoria* and *Surrey* have produced two of the best Pantomimes in London.

"Golden Hair," at *St. James's*, delighted holiday-keepers for a fortnight, and was then withdrawn, to the dissatisfaction of those who like "Christmas" to last five or six weeks.

At the *Polytechnic*, "Cinderella" is produced as a Pantomime, and as the scenes dissolve away, as fairy-scenes should, the sight here is one of the most attractive that children can see.

Indeed, the present Christmas season, at all the houses, West and East, has been a highly successful one, and all the pieces reflect credit on the present state of theatrical affairs. In some cases, as at the *Adelphi* and the *Strand*, the burlesque writing, rather than the spectacle, has been chiefly studied; whilst, at the exceptional *Westminster*, Mr. Boucicault depends alone on dumb show and does away with dialogue altogether. Current topics still afford subjects for the jokes, which twist them, turn them, distort and satirize them in a way that always amuses Pantomime audiences who come to laugh and be pleased.

### JANUARY 3.

*St. James's Theatre*.—A new two act drama, "The Dark Cloud," produced; it is written by Mr. Rose, who is known to the public as *Mr. Arthur Sketchley*. Sir Marmaduke Granville is a city knight, and his second wife affects dislike to all but aristocratic tastes and connections. The marriage, therefore, of Mr. Granville, the son, to Caroline, a girl of obscure birth (played by Miss Herbert) casts a cloud over the knight's family. Caroline, moreover, was the widow of a *Frank Ashton* who had been sent away from England at his country's expense. The arrival home of one of Ashton's Australian friends, Mr. Austin, makes the dark cloud darker, for he thinks he is in possession of secrets which will induce Mrs. Granville, whom he had formerly loved, to elope with him from the undoubtedly honourable home in which he finds her happily settled. This

situation of the heroine, her perplexities, her fears, her virtuous resolve not to commit evil, is powerfully rendered by the accomplished lady who plays the part. One of Austin's threats is, that he will reveal the fact of the first husband being alive when Caroline married Mr. Sidney Granville. But all dark clouds, it is said, have a silver lining, and in this drama Mr. and Mrs. M'Tab, Doctor and Doctor's wife (played by Mr. and Mrs. Frank Matthews), are the good friends who give comedy to the piece and help the virtuous wife out of her trouble; at the same time checkmating and exposing the villain, Austin. And this is brought about by the coincidences of Mrs. M'Tab having been also in Australia and actually present at the death of Frank Ashton. The opportunity occurs in a Devonshire village, the scene of the comedy, at the cottage of a bed-ridden invalid who is visited by all her charitable neighbours, and here Austin has compelled Caroline to give him an interview. Fortunately no one has a better right to visit an invalid than the Doctor's charitable wife, and thus it happens she overhears the conversation that takes place, and with the knowledge it gives her, she is enabled, subsequently, to baffle the persecutor, who has succeeded in persuading Caroline she is not legally married, and threatens to reveal to the grand City-knight and his wife that she was a forger's wife. In another interview within an arbour, the *dénouement* takes place. Austin has come there hoping to carry off the lady, but by chance her husband walks that way, and, to appease his jealousy, the wife falls on her knees, and with her own lips explains her present position and former sad connections. The cloud now is at its blackest. Sir Marmaduke Granville and Lady do not at all like their son's entanglement; but the end begins, the silver edge of the cloud is seen. First, Mrs. M'Tab proves she was present when Frank Ashton died, and it was really prior to his widow's marriage with their son—next the Knight himself, on hearing Ashton's name, is able to assert, of his own knowledge, that the clerk was innocent and had been wrongfully transported as a forger. But now retribution falls on the false friend, Austin, for he is recognized by Mrs. M'Tab as an escaped convict, about whom there is no mistake, and instead of carrying off the lady, he is carried off the scene himself by a body of the police force. The cloud has passed over the home, and as Lady Granville's own origin becomes known, she is frankly told *en famille* to control all outward manifestations of her dislike to plebeian people, as they will, if she makes them, be remorselessly turned against herself. This piece, as the above sketch shows, has much interest and a good share of originality, and the various situations afford the company opportunity of making it what is, when seen at the St. James's Theatre, a legitimately successful comedy, and one that does credit to the management.

## JANUARY 10.

*Lyceum Theatre.*—The re-opening of the theatre after its doors had been closed a fortnight, was regarded as the principal theatrical event of the season, for it would inaugurate the management of the celebrated and esteemed M. Fechter. The house has been attractively decorated, and displays, in its several important alterations, a very liberal and refined taste.

*A Sudden Attack*, was the name of the trifle which introduced the business of the evening, and this farce was of the sort which vexes an audience with silly and outrageous improbability. Perhaps the piece was chosen to excite impatience; and if so, its end was answered.

*The Duke's Motto.*—A romantic drama, with a Prologue and three acts, followed. The French piece from which it is taken, *Le Bossu* is now running in Paris, and is written by M. Paul Feval, and a *collaborateur*. The English adaptation has been done by Mr. John Brougham, with the consent of the original authors. The French title is a good one and refers to the drama; but the Duke's Motto—

"I am here," appears to us to have been selected but for one reason—to cover the advertising boards, on which for some days before a knight's vizor, and the words *I am here*, piqued the curiosity of all Londoners. The play itself is a grand, romantic drama, without one grand character in it; an elaborate acting piece, without parts for the actors. The only part in reality is that of *Lagardère*, and in that M. Fechter would never have created the great name which belongs to him. The story tells us about two cousins, the *Duke de Nevers*, and the *Prince de Gonzagnes*; the latter, a bad man, coveting the fair possessions of the former. A number of mercenaries undertake to carry out the Prince's wishes and attempt to assassinate the Duke, who finds a defender in *Lagardère*, and the band are at first repulsed; ultimately they succeed in killing *Nevers*, but *Lagardère* escapes, and saves the Duke's infant daughter, *Blanche*—these episodes constitute the prologue. The first act of the drama then opens on the Spanish frontier, and twenty years have elapsed since the death of the Duke of Nevers. Violently opposed to all likelihood, *Lagardère* and his ward, *Blanche*, are amongst the gipsies of the Pyrenees, and to this identical spot comes *Gonzagnes*, having in his train a deformed confidant named *Esop*. The Prince has an object in seeking the gipsies; he has married the widow of his cousin, the mother of *Blanche*, but, as yet, has not been able to possess himself of the orphan's estates, which are kept in abeyance until her fate shall be known. He hopes to obtain the property by substituting a foundling, the Gipsy Queen Zillah. Here, however, as before, he is baffled by his former opponent; for *Lagardère* has picked a quarrel with *Esop*, and killed him in a duel; and then, during the rest of the drama, he appears from time to time in *Esop*'s own costume, and makes up the disguise so effectually as to impose even on the Prince, *Esop*'s master. Thus *Lagardère*, as *Esop*, learns all the Prince's plans. After these adventures in the Spanish frontier, the brave *Captain Lagardère* confesses his love to *Blanche de Nevers*, the ward who owes her life to him, and finds his passion reciprocated. The next scenes take place in Paris, where the Prince holds a family council, which is presided over by the Regent Orleans. Warned by a voice from a painting, the portrait of her former husband, the Princess, mother of *Blanche*, refuses to acknowledge the substituted foundling for her long lost daughter. As may be supposed, this warning came from the ever-present *Lagardère*. The mystery therefore still remains, but it is to be cleared up at a ball to be given by the Regent, when the true heiress, *Blanche*, is to be introduced to confront her step-father; but this scheme fails, as the ward and her papers are carried off by the Prince's agents, and thus *Lagardère*, forfeiting to do what he had pledged, is accused and thrown into prison. From prison he escapes, and once more, as *Esop*, approaches the Prince, and suggests to him the readiest way of securing the coveted estates, would be to let *Blanche* marry himself, as she would then forfeit her princely rights by such an alliance. *Gonzagnes* falls into the snare and the match is made, for the lady understands and makes no objection. When about to affix his signature, *Esop* the hunchback, becomes *Captain Lagardère*. The enraged Prince, inflamed by this disclosure, is about to attack the lover, when the Royal presence of the Regent prevents the fight. Restoring *Blanche* to her mother the Princess, *Lagardère*, by a ruse, makes the Prince unwittingly confess his guilt; for, on giving him a sealed paper, in which it is stated the name of the Duke of Nevers's murderer is written, the conscience-stricken cousin, *Gonzagnes*, attempts to burn the packet. This act betrays the Prince, for nothing whatever was written on the paper. However, as French honour would have it, the murderer is not given up to justice, but is formally challenged by *Lagardère*, and, the sequel is clear—the Captain kills the wicked Prince and marries *Blanche*. "The Duke's Motto" has been accepted by the public, and rapturously applauded; but the really fine scenery and excellent acting of the play cannot and will not make it a good drama.

## CURRENT HISTORY OF LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC EVENTS.

### DECEMBER 1ST.—MONDAY.

*Geologists' Association.*—Paper read, followed by discussion, "On Iron in primary and secondary rocks, and the methods of extracting it."

*The Liverpool Exchange.*—Premiums of £1000 for the best design, and £250 each for the two next best designs, are offered by the Company, who intend to rebuild and enlarge their Exchange.

*Automaton Woman.*—At Paris, at the Boulevard Magenta, is exhibited this talking curiosity, which has been constructed by Professor Faber, a mathematician, and which successfully imitates the human voice. "The *Silent Woman*," of Ben Jonson, was a creation the world enjoyed. M. Faber should have made his figure masculine; or are we to infer it is easier to make a woman talk than a man?

### DECEMBER 2D.—TUESDAY.

*Ethnological Society.*—Paper read "On Language as a Test of the Races of Man." The President, J. Crawford, Esq., stated, that although language yielded valuable evidence, it afforded no certain test of the race the man who spoke it belonged to.

### DECEMBER 3D.—WEDNESDAY.

*The Fossil Collection*, which contains the *Archæopteryx*, has been bought for the British Museum for £700.

*Geological Society.*—Amongst the various papers read was one by C. Darwin, Esq., "On the thickness of the Pampean near Buenos Ayres," and "A Description of *Anthracosaurus*," by Professor T. H. Huxley.

*Society of Arts.*—Paper read "On Boat-building by Machinery."

### DECEMBER 4TH.—THURSDAY.

*The Alhambra*, in Granada, is to be restored by the Spanish Government, at the Queen's special desire.

*Linnean Society.*—Letter read of a visit to Madagascar.

### DECEMBER 5TH.—FRIDAY.

*Archæological Institute.*—The Rev. H. Campion sent an account of a series of mural paintings recently discovered in Westminton Church, Sussex. The church and paintings were believed to be the work of the twelfth century.

### DECEMBER 6TH.—SATURDAY.

### DECEMBER 7TH.—SUNDAY.

### DECEMBER 8TH.—MONDAY.

*The Archbishop's Palace, Lambeth.*—The Rev. Wm. Stubbs has been appointed as Librarian and Keeper of the MSS. He will attend on Mondays and Wednesdays from eleven until three o'clock. Students are required to give three days' notice of their wish to consult books or MS.; and on the first application he

should state his profession and forward to the Librarian an introductory letter from a clergyman or magistrate. To make extracts of complete articles for publication would require special permission and the Archbishop's authority.

*Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.*—Mr. Edmund Yates, and Mr. Harold Power, inaugurated their Entertainment called "Invitations to Evening Parties and the Sea-side."

*Geographical Society.*—Narratives read of Journeys from Tientsin to Mukden, and from Peking to St. Petersburg, *via* Mongolia, Siberia, and Moscow.

#### DECEMBER 9TH.—TUESDAY.

*Mineral Oil.*—Toronto, Niagara, Kingston, and other towns, are now lighted by Gas derived from this oil, as are also railway carriages and several private houses. It is said that the apparatus for generating the gas may be safely managed by domestic servants.

*Art Union of London.*—Premium offered of £600 for a statue or marble group. Plaster models to be sent in competition, which is open to artists of all nations. The offer is not very tempting.

#### DECEMBER 10TH.—WEDNESDAY.

*Royal Academy.*—Ninety-fourth anniversary of foundation. General Assembly and silver medals awarded to—Mr. Thos. Henry Thomas, for best drawing from Life; Mr. Francis Holl, for best drawing from Antique; Mr. Thos. Welb, for best drawing Perspective; Mr. George Hall, for a specimen of Sciography.

*Society of Arts.*—Paper read "On the Construction of Labourers' Cottages, and Sanatory Building Appliances."

*Royal Dramatic College.*—Full dress ball at St. James's Hall.

#### DECEMBER 11TH.—THURSDAY.

*The Manchester Assize Courts*, now in course of erection, are to be decorated with statues executed by Mr. Woolner. Eight life size statues of English lawgivers; a colossal statue of Moses; oral sculptures and medallions, are included as decorations to the architecture.

#### DECEMBER 12TH.—FRIDAY.

*Astronomical Society.*—Amongst other papers were two by the Astronomer-Royal—"Observations in October and November 1862," and "On the Forms of Lenses proper for the Negative Eye-pieces of Telescopes."

#### DECEMBER 13TH.—SATURDAY.

#### DECEMBER 14TH.—SUNDAY.

#### DECEMBER 15TH.—MONDAY.

*Essays and Reviews.*—Trial brought to a conclusion. Dr. Lushington condemned both Dr. Williams and Mr. Willson to suspension from the duties and emoluments of their benefices for the space of one year, and to pay the costs of prosecution. The Defendants can, and are likely to appeal to the Privy Council. A "Defence Fund" has been subscribed to by the public, and the amount will probably cover the expense incurred.

#### DECEMBER 16TH.—TUESDAY.

*Leeds Philosophical Society.*—The enlarged hall opened. Inaugural lecture by Professor Owen.

#### DECEMBER 17TH.—WEDNESDAY.

*His Royal Highness the late Prince Consort.*—His principal speeches and addresses, with an introduction giving some Outlines of his character, published by Murray.

#### DECEMBER 18TH.—THURSDAY.



## DECEMBER 19TH.—FRIDAY.

*Sacred Harmonic Society.*—Performance of the "Messiah."

**OBITUARY.**—Mrs. Katherine Thomson died at Dover of Gastric fever. She was the authoress of a "Life of Wolsey;" "Constance," a novel; "The Life of Raleigh;" "The Memoirs of the Court of Henry the Eighth;" "Memoirs of the Duchess of Marlborough;" "Anne Boleyn;" "Raglan Castle;" "The White Mask;" "The Chevalier;" "Lives of the Jacobites;" "Tracy;" "Widows and Widowers;" "Court Secrets;" "Faults on both Sides;" "Memoirs of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham;" and some other less known books. Her latest works were written in conjunction with her son—"The Queens of Society;" "Wits and Beaux;" and "The Literature of Society," recently published, and under the names of *Grace and Philip Wharton*.

## DECEMBER 20TH.—SATURDAY.

**OBITUARY.**—Mr. R. R. Reinagle, painter, has just died, aged 87. He was once a Royal Academician.

Mr. A. Solomon, died a few days ago at Biarrik, aged 40. He had but lately married, and although staying in France for the benefit of his health, he was able to follow his professional studies. Amongst many very popular works, "Waiting for the Verdict," is perhaps the most touching. It was in the Great Exhibition.

## DECEMBER 21ST.—SUNDAY.

## DECEMBER 22D.—MONDAY.

*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*—The Municipality of Florence has placed a slab in the house occupied by our English poetess, with the following simple inscription in Italian:—Elizabeth Barrett Browning lived, wrote, and died in this house. She was a woman who, with a woman's heart, possessed the wisdom of a sage and the spirit of a true poet, and made her poetry a golden band between Italy and England."

## DECEMBER 23D.—TUESDAY.

*Submarine Cable.*—The Indian Council have decided to have a Cable across the Persian gulf. It will be wholly a Government work. The Gutta Percha works, Wharf Road, London, will supply the core.

*French-grown Cotton.*—The experiment of growing cotton on the Rhone affords encouragement by the excellent material produced.

## DECEMBER 24TH.—WEDNESDAY.

*Christmas Legends.*—At the London Mechanics' Institution a lecture was given by Mr. J. Simpson on this interesting subject. The research and ability shown in the production should obtain a wider audience through type.

*Her Majesty's Theatre.*—Special evening performance of the "Messiah."

*The Grey Controversy* about Postage Stamps.

*Bishop Colenso.*—Controversy.

## DECEMBER 25TH.—THURSDAY, CHRISTMAS DAY.

*Affre, Archbishop of Paris.*—The Cathedral of Notre Dame, Paris, having been closed for restoration, re-opened. A life-size statue of the Archbishop has been erected, representing him falling upon a barricade holding an olive branch in his right hand and the crucifix in his left.

*The Christmas No. of "All the Year Round,"* for which the public have accustomed themselves to look as they do for holly and mistletoe, is not this year a success—as regards literary interest. "Somebody's Luggage" has been left behind by many readers; they did not care to go on with such a tiresome companion. We especially refer to this popular publication, because its shortcomings result from a silly plan now general in the literary world. It is not difficult to get half-a-dozen clever and interesting tales written, but when they are supposed to bear connection one with another, failure must often ensue. In "Saturday Night," the umbrellas in their stand narrate their adventures. We might call a volume written by various authors of directly opposite tastes and talents "A Bundle of Quills." Good stories, like good flowers, never need much tying together, and any amount of *tying* will not make buttercups Roses.

DECEMBER 26TH.—FRIDAY.

*St. James's Theatre* re-opened, under the management of Mr. Frank Matthews.

DECEMBER 27TH.—SATURDAY.

*Académie des Beaux Arts.*—Mr. John Pye, surveyor of London, has been elected a corresponding member.

DECEMBER 28TH.—SUNDAY.

DECEMBER 29TH.—MONDAY.

*Duomo at Florence.*—Designs for the completion of the West Front are invited, competition open to the world.

*Institute of Actuaries.*—Paper read "On the Rate of Mortality amongst Europeans in India."

OBITUARY.—Cardinal Morlot, Archbishop of Paris, died, aged 67.

DECEMBER 30TH.—TUESDAY.

OBITUARY.—Mrs. W. Barrymore died, aged 60. She was a well-known actress, many years ago, at the *Surrey Theatre*, and in the part of "Fenella," at Drury Lane, in the opera of *Massaniello*.

DECEMBER 31ST.—WEDNESDAY.

SHAKESPEARIAN MUSEUM.

A temporary Shakespearian Museum, to contain old editions of the Poet's works, or any tracts or relics illustrative of them, has been formed at Stratford-on-Avon. Mr. Halliwell is actively engaged in collecting for this object, and he will be glad either to receive as presents for the Museum, or to purchase, any articles suitable to be preserved there. Persons owning any Shakespeariana, would much oblige by communicating with "J. O. HALLIWELL, Esq., No. 6 St. Mary's Place, West Brompton, near London."

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